FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE

I am the Safety glass – "TripleX"

THE SPHERE, JANUARY 29, 1944
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE" 1/6

THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXXVI No. 2297 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JAN. 29 1944

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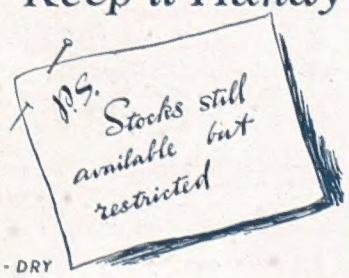

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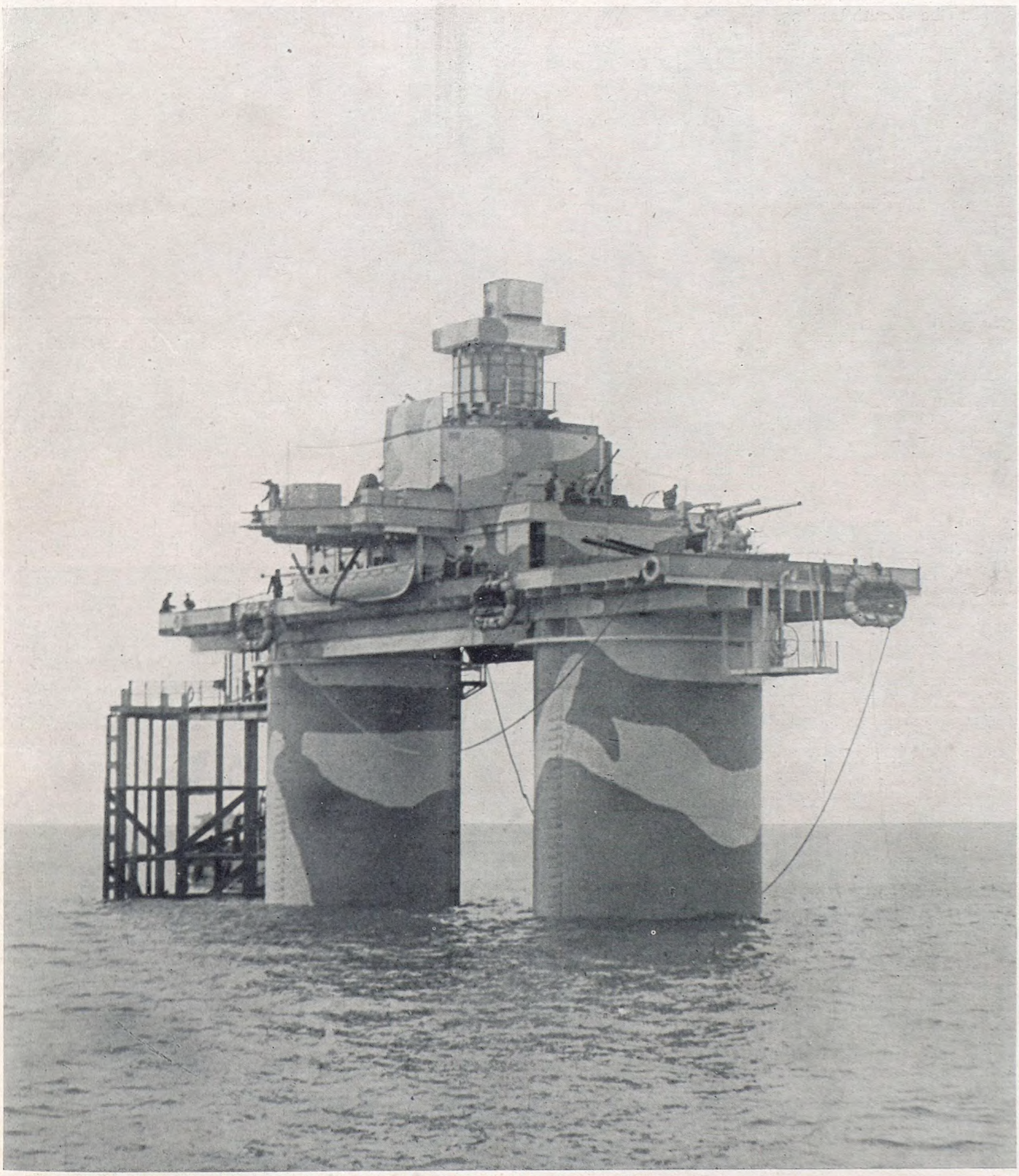
Volume CLXXVI No. 2297 The SPHERE, London, January 29, 1944

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly



THE "ISLAND FORTS" ERECTED ROUND THE EAST COAST OF BRITAIN TO PROTECT OUR SHIPPING PASSING THROUGH DANGEROUS WATERS

These fortresses were designed to beat off attacks by low-flying German aircraft on our East Coast merchantmen. Each is commissioned as one of "His Majesty's Ships," and each is named after the Sands on which it stands. The fort consists of two concrete towers, 50-ft. high from the base, connected by a steel superstructure on which the anti-aircraft guns and equipment are mounted. Fixed to the base is a landing stage of steel joists. The mess decks are in the towers, with a store-room and magazine below. All the armament is manned by Royal Marines under R.N.V.R. officers, with naval ratings for technical duties: the guns and equipment are supplied by the Army—an interesting example of inter-Service co-operation. The gunners in the forts have already accounted for a number of German aircraft

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A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 230

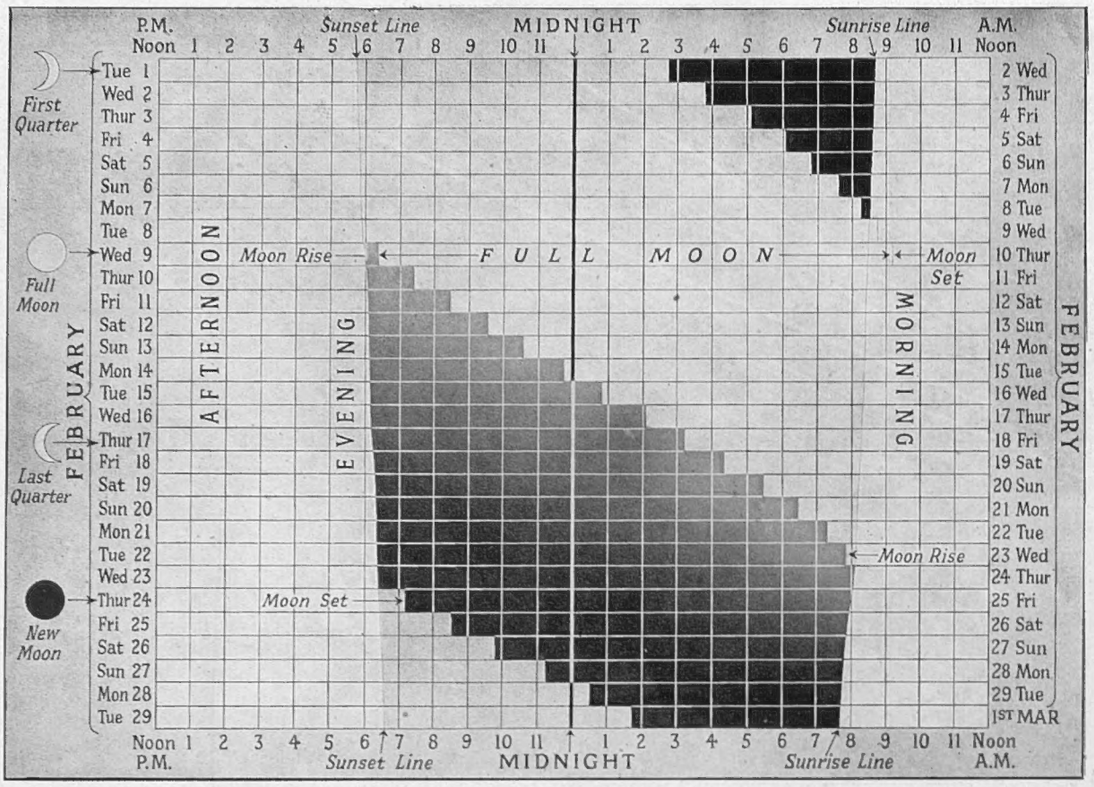
1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

The Tiber-Mouth Landing.

—An Allied landing at a point 60 miles behind the Germans facing the Garigliano front and only 30 miles from Rome was announced without place-names on January 22. On the 23rd a fairly confident but brief communiqué announced that little opposition had been yet met, and that first objectives had been reached and consolidated. The landing, covered by Air and Navy, was a complete surprise to the enemy, and was apparently achieved with negligible losses. The troops were of General Clark's command, and included Commando and American Ranger units of the Fifth Army. For many days before the 22nd the Air Force had been inconspicuously but thoroughly "taking care" of all rail communications and air bases from which opposition and reinforcements might come, and all railway lines (save one) through Rome were blocked, while airfields as far away as the Marseilles area (whence might have come trouble for the naval convoys) had been faithfully dealt with. This form of attack has proved its effectiveness many times in this war and once before in the Italian campaign. The best disciplined troops are affected unfavourably by the knowledge that a resolute enemy force is established across their line of retreat and astride their communications, be that force composed of regulars or partisans. No soldier can fight at his best with one eye over his shoulder. This commonplace of war text-books ensures that strong opposition must be expected at the bridgeheads as soon as the Germans recover from the surprise and can rally their reserves. Meanwhile, the news is very welcome in Britain, and it is interesting to speculate whether this stroke is an "incident" in the Italian campaign (long planned, of course) or an item examined and approved by the Big Three of Teheran, the first of the agreed interventions in the assault from the southern and western sides.

Premier's Surprise Packet.

—I believe Mr. Churchill is the original Peter Pan. There was something Barrie-ish, whimsical and schoolboyish about the delightful surprise he sprung upon the public and Parliament on January 18. It was one of those whimsies which come off, and exactly fitted the temper of the House and nation. That part of civilisation which still retains its sanity is war-worn, disillusioned, prematurely aged by constant familiarity with everlasting, ever-deepening tragedy and waste, and the searing boredoms of war. All the best of sanity is cradled in childhood. We grow less sane and sensible as we grow "older and wiser"—that is a paradox which can be supported by argument and experience. No doubt at all, an occasional return to the simplicity of childhood, a schoolboy joke, is the best medicine and restorative in our pharmacopœia. And Dr. Churchill brought it out of his bag. There he was again; all of a sudden, when least expected, in his place in the House, cracking his jokes! Aged seventy, having come comfortably through two bouts of pneumonia in a matter of months, "bronzed and well," as vigorous, as hopeful, as confident, as comforting, solid and inspiring as ever. What a man! The eternal schoolboy, the leader of the hour, the grave statesman, the elder statesman, the Peter Pan of the War Cabinet. It was all "nice, clean fun" and a lucid interval in Bedlam. But one man's meat is another man's poison. Our pick-me-up was Hitler's headache. He doesn't appreciate our "nice, clean fun," and London's idea of "strength through joy" is not Berlin's.



"THE SPHERE" MOONLIGHT CHART FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY, showing the period of no moonlight and the period when the moon will be at its full

A limited number of these charts will be supplied free of charge on application to the Publisher, "The Sphere," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, W.C.1, but 2½d. in stamps must be enclosed with the application

The Attitude of Spain.—

I confess that the attitude of Spain and our relations with Spain are a great mystery to me. If Spain were to-day a pattern of the enlightened European State, I could better comprehend an attitude of looking down the nose at Britain and all things British and better understand our humility and patience under reproof, castigation and obstruction. But Spain is no such model, and her recent history affords no grounds for assuming the high moral tone, the post of enlightened preceptor or a neutrality so largely non-neutral. Her leader's personal dislike or dread of Communism is no doubt a strong incentive to a leaning towards Nazism, but hardly at this stage in the future interests of Spain, a nation not well equipped for a lone hand in post-war Europe. There is, however, one aspect of her attitude of Castilian contempt with which the fair-minded can feel a sneaking sympathy; and that is her constantly-expressed reactions to what is called the War of Nerves, those reiterated boasts and threats which continually blare out from either side, promising still more devastating assaults and still more resolute resistance. It is reasonable that this strident battle of words should create in the minds of non-belligerents, in any stage of enlightened civilisation, the idea that the World War has indeed reached a stalemate. It is natural enough that an onlooker in a battle should conclude that, when mere words play so important a role, the combatants' limbs are exhausted and they have only their tongues left to fight with.

Deeds as Well as Words.

—Yet the deeds are convincing enough, and might indeed be left to speak for themselves to the watching world and to the tottering Axis. Novgorod, with its booty and its toll of Nazi divisions and its tremendous psychological implications and strategical potentialities, speaks louder than words. Minturno, too, adds its little pointer more direct than wordy promises. And the guerillas of the various fronts waste little time in talking and spend a great deal of time in hitting. And there is no pause in the sea war, nor in the air war whenever the weather makes flying possible. Even now, while bigger actions are pending, there is no need of words, and deeds can speak for themselves to those who have ears to hear.

Poland and Russia.—

As I have said, I always saw the Imp of frontier-drawing grinning his ghastly smile over the shoulders of the Allied leaders. But even in dark moods of pessimism (which sometimes come), I never pictured such a grim possibility as an exchange and re-exchange of notes between Russia and Poland (with the King's Proctor intervening) in the very article of a life-and-death struggle for the ousting of a common enemy from Polish soil. Time was perhaps when Poles regarded Russia as Poland's Enemy No. 1 and Germany as Enemy No. 2. (Time was when France was England's Enemy No. 1, and Germany an ally.) But times change and political opinions change. And it is difficult for the man in the street in England to-day to understand how this lamentable exchange of diplomatic (and sometimes acerbated) notes can have been suffered to get under way, to warm the heart of Hitler and disconcert all the Allies. "Fall into the hands of God, but not into the hands of Spain" once had a meaning for Englishmen. *Mutatis mutandis*, it must surely apply to-day to every patriotic Pole. On the lowest computation of common sense and patriotism, the choice of the lesser of two evils cries out to be taken. We in the street are led along in blinkers, alternately encouraged with carrots and whips. So perhaps it is not strange that I have met no single Englishman who does not regard the present state of affairs as deplorable and reprehensible.

Jet Propulsion.—

This particular "release" is certainly one of the best "headaches" ever handed out in this war to the poor, blinkered citizen of Democracy. Here is the dilemma: if the blurb which has been released to us by pundits on this remarkable invention has contained any word which might be useful to the enemy, was the sop to Democracy worth the cost to the common cause? If (as I suspect) great care was taken to avoid saying or writing anything which could conceivably give us or the enemy a clue to the present perfection of the invention or the means whereby that perfection was reached, was the waste of energy, time and paper worth while? Either we have been handed out a close secret or we have been handed out an empty toy. If the former is the case, the pundits are proved dangerous lunatics; if the latter, the public is condemned as greedy, silly brats, crying for papier-mâché toys. Or is there some middle way between the horns of this dilemma—which I cannot see?

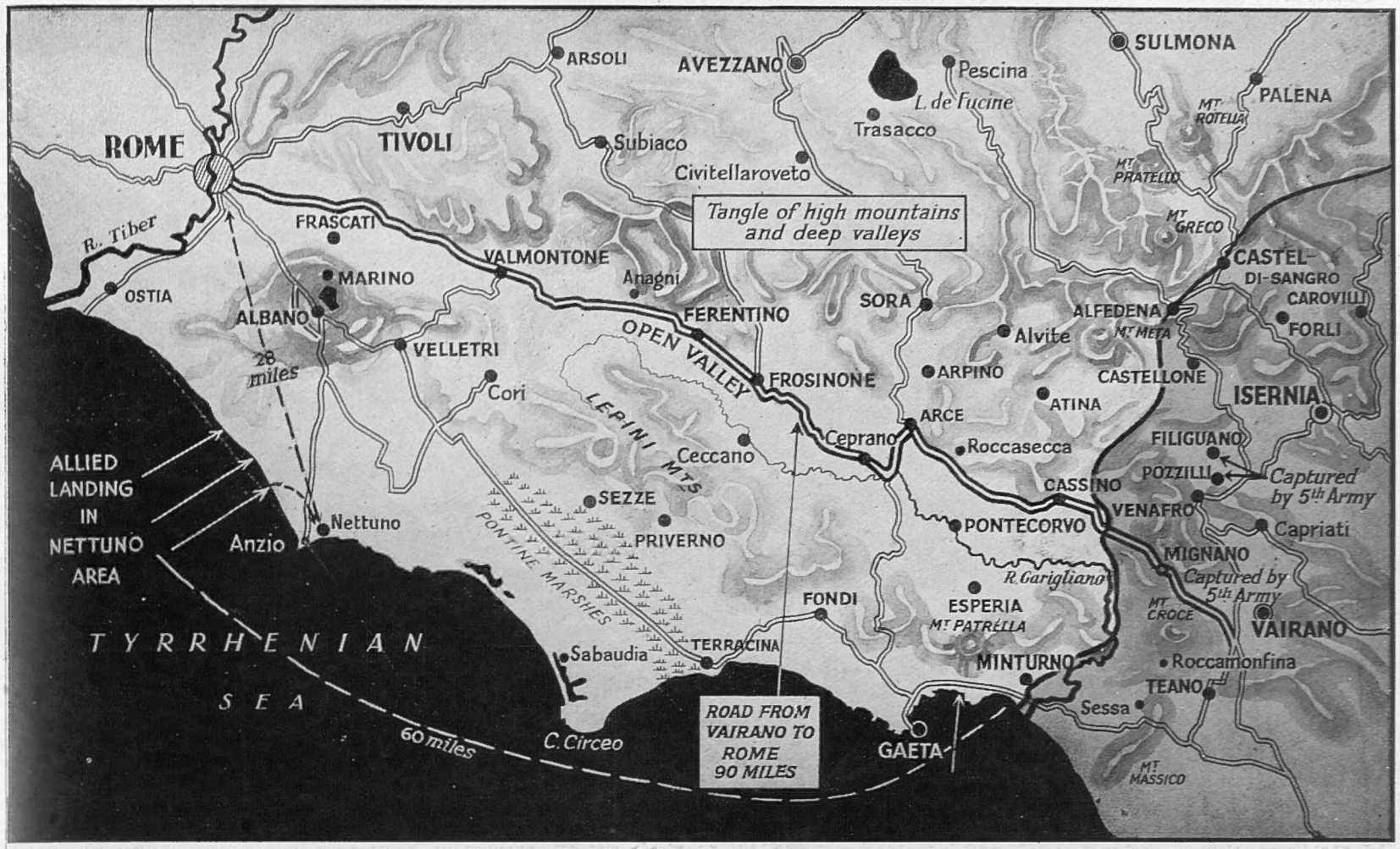
The Fox and the Roe.—

Here's a pleasant little note off the record of total war. The Irish Genealogical Office has at last issued its report on investigations into the authenticity of certain ancient Irish titles giving to the holder the customary prefix of the article "The." Familiar to us long since have been The O'Conor Don and The MacGillycuddy (pronounced Macklicuddy) of the Reeks. I am enchanted with some of the new ones now established, notably The Fox (*loul court*), the MacDermott-Roe, the O'Morchoe. Not all of these chieftains live in Eire. Some live in England, one at least in Portugal. For choice, the O'Conor Don should be resident in the Iberian Peninsula. British titles long since have been the despair and Waterloo of foreign observers of our "modern democracy." This Irish bunch will make confusion worse confounded. Personally, I delight in these old customs.

A Perennial Disappointment.—

Every year the average man is surprised by a fact of nature which somehow or other never impinges on his memory. Just before Christmas he congratulates himself that the days have ceased to draw in and that the light is coming back. And then, though the grudging daylight does indeed trickle back by minutes at tea-time, he is always disgusted, hurt and surprised to find that the mornings appear to grow darker week after week. If the morning be overcast, he must expect any day for a whole month beyond Christmas to emerge from total darkness at half-past eight. This sombre truth has caught me bending, as usual, and I am as surprised and disgusted as ever. It was a deplorable error of our ancestors to canonise December 22. The earliest candidate for the honour should have been January 22, whatever the nimble accountants and mathematicians may say. The average "black-coat" must face the fact that every year he will shave himself by lamplight for two and a half months—and the industrial and agricultural worker for much longer still.

THE OLD STAGER



WHERE THE NEW LANDINGS HAVE BEEN MADE—AT NETTUNO, TO THE SOUTH OF ROME. Troops of the Fifth Army landed with little opposition and immediately began to push inland, to cut off Kesselring's retreat northwards from the Garigliano front by road. Rome itself was soon within range of the Allied guns, and the port of Nettuno was captured. Stores, supplies and armour were soon being put ashore even as our troops were penetrating inland

The LANDINGS at NETTUNO

LIEUT.-GENERAL MARK CLARK, who led the Allied landing forces, congratulating Admiral F. H. Lowry, naval chief of the amphibious force which effected the landings

A VIEW OF THE PORT OF NETTUNO, which has the only important harbour on the Italian west coast between Gaeta and Civita Vecchia

A BRITISH SOLDIER GUARDS THE FIRST GERMAN PRISONERS shortly after the initial landings by the Fifth Army behind the enemy lines at Nettuno

THE FIRST ALLIED TROOPS WADE ASHORE on the beaches in the Nettuno area, to the south of Rome—a picture by radio via Algiers

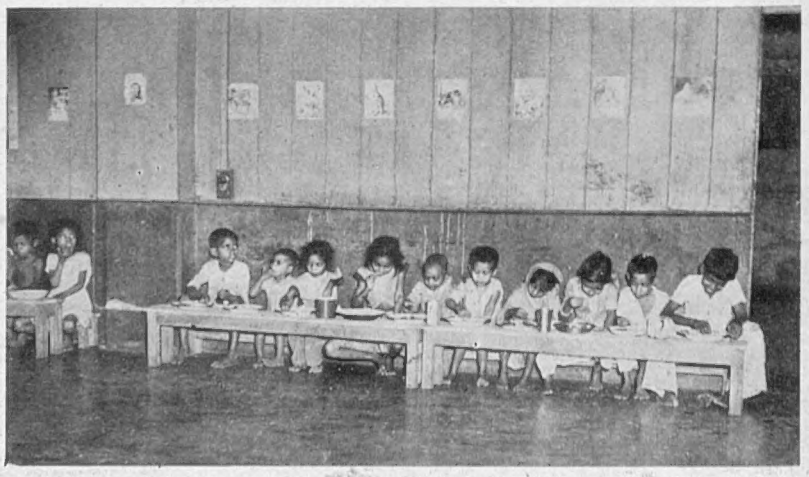
The AMERICANS LAND at CAPE GLOUCESTER, in NEW BRITAIN

The First Picture to be Received from the New Invasion Area in the South-West Pacific

A JEEP IS PUSHED ASHORE BY THE U.S. MARINES AT THE CAPE GLOUCESTER BRIDGEHEAD, captured from the Japs in New Britain on December 26. It was unloaded into shallow water from a landing craft. Other Marines carry stretchers for expected casualties. In the background is an Alligator, which is equally at home on water or on land

After their invasion of the Arawa Peninsula, on the south side of the island of New Britain, the Americans made a further invasion—on the most westerly side, at Cape Gloucester—on December 26. At dawn on that day the Marines landed in strength on both sides of the Cape and established strong bridgeheads. The troops came in convoy from New Guinea, escorted by a strong naval force and under powerful air cover. Prior to the landings, the warships carried out an exceptionally long naval bombardment, followed by "pattern bombing," of the inland Japanese positions by waves of Liberators, Mitchells and Bostons. The landings were carried out under cover of smoke-screens laid by the Allied planes and met with no opposition, the enemy positions on the beaches having been blasted out of existence by the air and naval bombardments. Not a single man was lost. Seven hours later however, strong formations of Japanese dive-bombers and fighters attempted to interfere, leading to violent air battles in which the enemy lost sixty-one planes—thirty-six bombers and twenty-five fighters—for the loss of seven U.S. machines. During the night of December 28-29, one of the two Jap airfields at Cape Gloucester was stormed by the Marines, and the other was captured during the day, after heavy fighting. Immediately after their capture, U.S. Army engineers began putting the severely blasted airfields into use for American operations against the strong Japanese naval base at Rabaul, at the eastern tip of New Britain

HUNGER-FIGHTING IN BENGAL: DESTITUTE PEOPLE BEING FED IN THE COMPOUND OF THE CALCUTTA ROTARY CLUB AT BALLYGUNJ. The local Government have placed a fine building at the disposal of the Club and are supplying food grains at controlled rates



CHILDREN'S MEALTIME AT THE BENGAL SOCIAL SERVICE LEAGUE AND FRIENDS' AMBULANCE UNIT IN CALCUTTA. Meals are provided on the ticket system and cost one pice per meal. Eggs and vegetables are served twice a week, and it is hoped to supplement the diet with shark-liver oil. The Government and a number of non-official organisations are now fighting hunger and all the distress which has come in the wake of the Bengal famine. A number of relief centres have been opened, of which the Children's Relief Centre in Calcutta feeds and clothes 120 little waifs. The Ballygunj Relief Home and the Ballygunj Institute, helped by funds from the Government, house over 1,000 destitute people in a large building in Ballygunj. The Bengal Social Service League and Friends' Ambulance Unit jointly run a canteen for the poor inhabitants of the district in Calcutta; the Calcutta Rotary Club runs a relief home at Ballygunj, where food, clothing and blankets are distributed

AROUND the BATTLE-FRONTS of the WORLD

A Collection of Pictures from Many Different War Theatres

UP IN THE ICY NORTH: THE SCENE IN A BASE CAMP IN THE ALEUTIAN ISLANDS OCCUPIED BY AMERICAN COMBAT-TROOPS: The circle around the Japs is now closing in: as well as in the South-West Pacific, the Americans are conducting operations from the bases they have captured and consolidated in the string of Aleutian Islands which stretch down from Alaska towards the Japanese homeland. This picture gives an impression of the cold and snow and fog which the American troops are experiencing in this icy and inhospitable part of the world

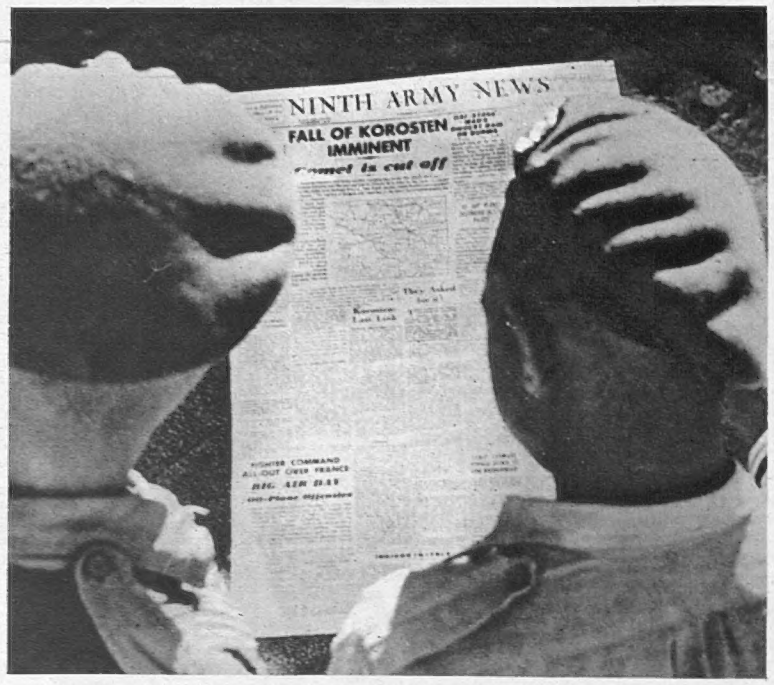
THE R.A.F. IN THE AZORES, IN THE RECENTLY ACQUIRED PORTUGUESE BASES: By the acquisition of these, the campaign against the German U-boats in the Atlantic has produced some startling and gratifying results. The Allied Commander in the Azores is Air Vice-Marshal G. R. Bronet: here he is seen with an R.A.F. patient in a Military Hospital during a recent inspection

PRESIDENT CHIANG KAI-SHEK IN INDIA, INSPECTING A U.S. CENTRE FOR THE TRAINING OF CHINESE SOLDIERS. The Generalissimo is here seen on the left; in the centre is his son, Major Chiang Wei-Kuo; and on the right is Madame Chiang Kai-shek. The picture was taken on the return from Cairo of the Generalissimo and Lord Louis Mountbatten, after their Conference with President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill. At this training centre, one of a number established in Eastern India, American officers instruct thousands of Chinese soldiers, who are now being equipped with arms and supplies from the United States, in battle strategy and tactics

OUT OF THE CRATE AND INTO THE AIR IN NORTH AFRICA: A FERRY PILOT DELIVERING A SPITFIRE TO ITS OPERATIONAL BASE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN TAKES A LAST LOOK AT THE FAMOUS CITY OF FEZ, WHICH HE PASSES EN ROUTE

When supplies of crated Spitfires from Britain arrive at Casablanca for the use of our forces in the Mediterranean, gangs of skilled workers—airmen and local workmen—are there to meet them. The complex mechanism is unpacked, and the components assembled. Each man has his job, and long practice has made him perfect at it. In record time the fighters take on recognisable form, complete with their weapons in fighting trim. Test pilots take over and put them through their paces in a series of searching tests. Finally the ferry pilots fly them to the place where Allied air strategy can use them to best purpose

AROUND the BATTLEFRONTS of the WORLD
(Continued)



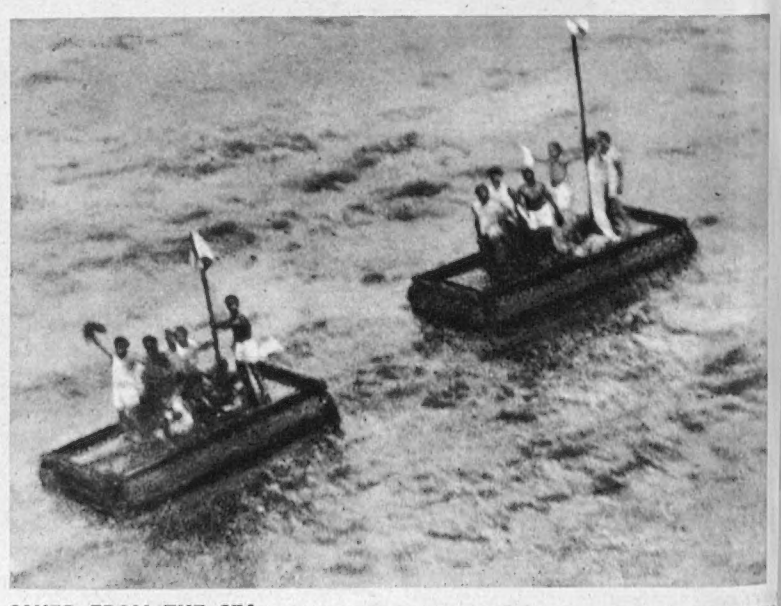
THE "NINTH ARMY NEWS"—A TEMPORARY PAPER PRODUCED DURING THE LEBANON CRISIS—was edited in the offices of the "Beyrout Eastern Times," which did not appear during that period

HOW THE "NINTH ARMY NEWS" WAS PRODUCED IN BEYROUT AFTER THE SUSPENSION OF THE LOCAL NEWSPAPER: From left to right in this picture are: Mr. Munah Racy, editor of the *Eastern Times* (suspended during the period of the crisis); Captain L. C. Ford, of the Ninth Army Public Relations Department—Editor of the *Ninth Army News*; and Mr. Beshara Malouf, *Eastern Times* News-Editor. They are here planning the next issue of the journal, which was produced solely to keep the men of the Ninth Army supplied with news

A SIDELIGHT ON THE CAIRO CONFERENCE: SOME OF THE MEN AND WOMEN WHO WERE ON DUTY IN THE EGYPTIAN CAPITAL: In the shadow of the great Pyramids, where many thousands of years ago civilisation reached the pinnacle of its age, a New World was again being shaped during the final days of 1943—in the series of conferences which preceded the Teheran Council. In this picture are some of the American and British personnel who were on duty at, or near, the Mena House Hotel during the Tripartite Conferences between China, Britain and the U.S.: they included units of the American Women's Army Corps, British Royal Marines, American Military Police and British and American sailors and soldiers

MIDDLE EAST TROOPS IN THE LEBANON LEARN HOW TO CONDUCT MOUNTAIN WARFARE. Engineers demonstrate how to get a vehicle over a gap on a wire cable: In the foothills of the Lebanon Mountains is the main camp of the Middle East Mountain Warfare Centre. Other camps are scattered about in the mountains at suitable places for training in rock climbing, ski-ing, etc. Desert warfare is now a thing of the past and Allied troops have been learning the different tactics of mountain warfare. They learn how supplies can be carried on mule-back and by man pack, when motor transport can no longer be used. They learn how to fight and advance over rugged country. New ways of using weapons, camouflage, wireless sets, smoke, etc., must be learnt. Men must rely on their own feet far more than in the days of the Western Desert. The Centre has a nine-day course for officers and N.C.O.s, and a four- or five-weeks course in which a whole brigade is involved in large-scale exercises. Trained Indian troops take part in demonstrations

MR. DUFF COOPER IN NORTH AFRICA: WITH MR. HAROLD MACMILLAN AT A RECEPTION JUST AFTER HIS ARRIVAL. Mr. Duff Cooper, who has recently arrived in Algiers to take up his post as British Ambassador to the French National Committee, attended a cocktail party given by Mr. Harold Macmillan, the British Resident Minister, during the evening of January 5. He was introduced to many military and civilian representatives of the Allied Nations now assembled in Algiers. Later he was present during General de Gaulle's interview with the Prime Minister at Marrakech



SAVED FROM THE SEA: EIGHTEEN SURVIVORS OF A CUBAN FREIGHTER ARE RESCUED BY AN AMERICAN NAVY BLIMP. To these men on life-rafts, the appearance of the United States Navy Blimp K-72 was the most welcome sight of their lives. They were survivors of the *Libertad*, which went down off the North Carolina coast following the hearing of "two underwater explosions" on December 4. An hour after this group was sighted they were picked up by a rescue craft

THE BATTLE OF THE SEAS: THE GIRL ON THE "FLYING TRAPEZE": A scene in the Operations Room at Coastal Command Headquarters. Behind the desk is Air Marshal Sir John Slessor (who has just been promoted to R.A.F. C.-in-C. in the Mediterranean); with him is Captain D. V. Peyton-Ward, Senior Naval Staff Officer. On the huge map in the background the W.A.A.F. operator is recording minute-to-minute information. The "flying trapeze" safety device she is wearing enables her to change her position when working across the board without risk of falling

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTION IN NEW ZEALAND: A GENERAL VIEW OF A FACTORY WHERE TRAINER PLANES ARE BUILT. Among New Zealand's important war industries is the manufacture of Tiger Moth trainer aircraft by the de Havilland Aircraft Company of New Zealand Ltd. Inauspicious as an operational aircraft, the Tiger is the backbone of the Empire Air Training Scheme, in which New Zealand is a partner. Because of the importance of the aircraft, the de Havilland Company's operations rate as a No. 1 war priority industry in New Zealand, and the white overalled men and young women workers at the modern factory at Rongotai Aerodrome, Wellington, are accorded the same respect as their fellow war workers wearing the uniforms of the Services. Prior to the war, New Zealand had had little or no experience in aircraft manufacture

IN SCOTLAND: THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER INSPECTS THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS. A few days ago this famous regiment received a visit from its Colonel-in-Chief. During the course of this His Royal Highness witnessed a Display and a March Past of massed drums and pipes. The picture above shows the Duke with Lt.-Col. J. D. C. Anderson (who commands one of the Battalions) during the display

WELCOME HOME—FOR NEW ZEALANDERS ON LEAVE FROM AFRICA. When men of the New Zealand Expeditionary Force arrived home on furlough after service in Egypt, southerly weather did not prevent an enthusiastic crowd from gathering on the wharf to give them a warm welcome. After their leave the men will return again to their units with the 2nd N.Z.E.F. These two pictures were taken on the quayside as the New Zealand women greeted their menfolk just after landing

A NEW ZEALAND SHEPHERDESS—1944 STYLE: THE WEAK LAMBS MUST BE CARRIED! Many hundreds of New Zealand land-girls are now valuable and experienced "farm hands," filling jobs on the food front left by men of the fighting forces. June and Carol used to be partners in an art novelty shop in Wellington. Now they are shepherdesses—but not the Dresden kind. They get up early and spend hours in the saddle covering 6,000 acres of farmland which carries a flock of 5,000 sheep. They can drive a tractor, milk, make butter and turn their hand to the hundreds of skilled jobs that must be done on any farm. This is June, helping to drive sheep on the road and carrying one of the weaker lambs

THE SHAPE OF FRANCE TO COME

The Position of General de Gaulle and other French Personalities in Metropolitan France during the First Months after the Liberation By FERDINAND TUOHY

AS soon as informed opinion had decided that the next chapter of France would not come to us from beyond the tomb, our four major newspapers very properly obliged with appreciations of the future of that country. Since then, the sun of Marrakesh has shone on Anglo-French relations and buds of new understanding may show themselves at any time.

It is a moment for so hoping inasmuch as a double vindication approaches. By standing up, Britain has acquired the sinews to cross again for the freeing of France. And the day of landing will signify for the French that they too stood up by declining to enter the New Order. The ardour with which nearly all French people await the Allies' coming, even should this bring war most ghastly and devastation to French towns and villages after four years of privation and pillage, terror and separation, forced labour and universal grief, is sufficient evidence of a nation's vitality.

Where this is going to take the French became the obvious next question once it was agreed that France would regain herself. What kind of government and temper will emerge ?

Well, the French themselves cannot answer, and for two formidable reasons : they do not know how far their civil war may have to go, nor (like the rest of us) how far Hitler may succeed in bringing the Continent down in ruin, anarchy, disease and starvation as he has sworn to do if Germany must own defeat.

What one can do is to set down some of the things Frenchmen are aiming at. The process is in its early stages at Algiers, but already intended changes are casting their shadows before. It is only natural to preface matters with "France's Man of Destiny," as seen by Mr. Churchill, since General de Gaulle is well and truly involved over the nature of the future Constitution.

To my mind, there has been something fishy about hostility to de Gaulle. Given that "he has a Joan of Arc complex," "is difficult," "likes to throw his weight around," "is as touchy as a prima donna," have his foreign critics been sincere in their professed main objection—that he intended inaugurating an era of personal and militaristic rule ? May it not have been that they did not want a forceful character asserting a new France, and that opposition sharpened as it became clear that de Gaulle was evolving and espousing social and political innovations liable to be a nuisance to more orthodox regimes ?

A current difference, which should be settled before this appears, centres on the first months of government in liberated France. The General, of Jesuit-Royalist upbringing and until fifty a man of the extreme Right, desires a Provisional Government able to rule amid chaos for a brief while without having to answer to provisional electoral bodies. He may not get his way, but he and the Assembly will go forward together just the same.

I fasten on this essential—that General de Gaulle's position is clearly defined in the minds of French men and women who regard him as a heroic figure embodying the fibre and will-to-recovery of the nation. He is where he is "*pour la libération—ensuite on verra.*" Many believe he has it in him to realise the new structure and trend of the Fourth Republic. He may be its President. He may be Premier. Whatever his job, the French are prepared for constant intervention by him in post-war France.

The French do not want anything remotely resembling a Fascist dictatorship. "They have supped," as they say. Supped of Vichy and supped of Hitler. They have witnessed dictatorship foully and miserably failing. A great proportion of the people wish to carry on the ideals of 1789 from the point where they were derailed by a previous dictator —Napoleon. Whether this will mean revolution, none can now tell. Aims will not differ vastly from political and social changes which other lands intend to pursue, but in France the operation will be more bitter and difficult because of the wretched state of weakness into which the country has been plunged.

Imagine England having to shake off the majority of her governing and local officials, reconstruct her Civil Service and police from top to bottom, and re-fashion every engine of public opinion while simultaneously putting the country on its feet again from the very depths—and with the currency shot to pieces !

On the other hand, the very enormity of France's plight provides the ground for an all-round fresh start which can be made in full security from the German nightmare for long years to come. Nor will the re-start be made amid a victory euphoria, as in 1919. One foresees a deadly earnestness very much tethered to "the limits of the possible."

Whether there will be such people as Senators is under debate. The Senate constantly upset the works on trivial account, though in every way a minority body, and there is a move to invest it with advisory functions only. Another Parliament Bill struggle ! And not the only instance where the French wish to take from Westminster. Questions to Ministers are already being tried. Bigger plans are to strengthen the Executive, render General Elections more representative of public opinion, and to decentralise government from Paris. The constant floundering of French Governments can be stopped or much reduced by agreement on a few points of procedure.

Heretofore this has not been possible owing to the refusal of Deputies to part with a single scrap of their control over the Executive. But some degree of new authority is bound to appear in French affairs, and by that I mean "assured rule because agreed upon." The Communists would introduce it quickly enough if they came to power. Incidentally, they may well form the biggest single Party in the Chamber.

It is much of a fool's game forecasting the texture of the next French Chamber, what with votes coming to women and the question-mark suspended above 2,000,000 men who will return from German captivity. But good judges believe the Communists will be in opposition to a bloc of Gaullist adherence drawn from nearly all the other Parties and quite Left in inclination compared with what several of these Parties stood for before the war.

The Communists are mainly out for the breaking of Money-Power. The banks and "the 200 Families" will be their targets for to-morrow and the day after. Also confiscation to the benefit of the State of the property of all industrialists, bankers and businessmen who collaborated with the Germans. The Communists do not diverge greatly from others who want widespread State control of the economic organisation and public utilities, but with much latitude left to private enterprise.

Other all-round demands are for a good deal of Beveridge, a guaranteed right to work, and for family allowances. After Hitler's attempt to suppress French births, the last is certain of acceptance. A vexing problem will be the widespread demand for a return of the 1936 Blum social legislation, including the 40-hour week. How can this be reconciled with the great effort French people must make if they are to rebuild their country and restore its national wealth ?

That this exists is as bright a feature as any. In wheat, wine, silk, iron ore, aluminium, potash, hydraulic power, textiles, electrical and motor-car construction, to say nothing of "tourism," France can again aspire to the top notches. And the intention is greatly to develop Overseas-France, hitherto fallen overmuch among competitive consortiums which exploited only to produce gluts. State planning will come in here.

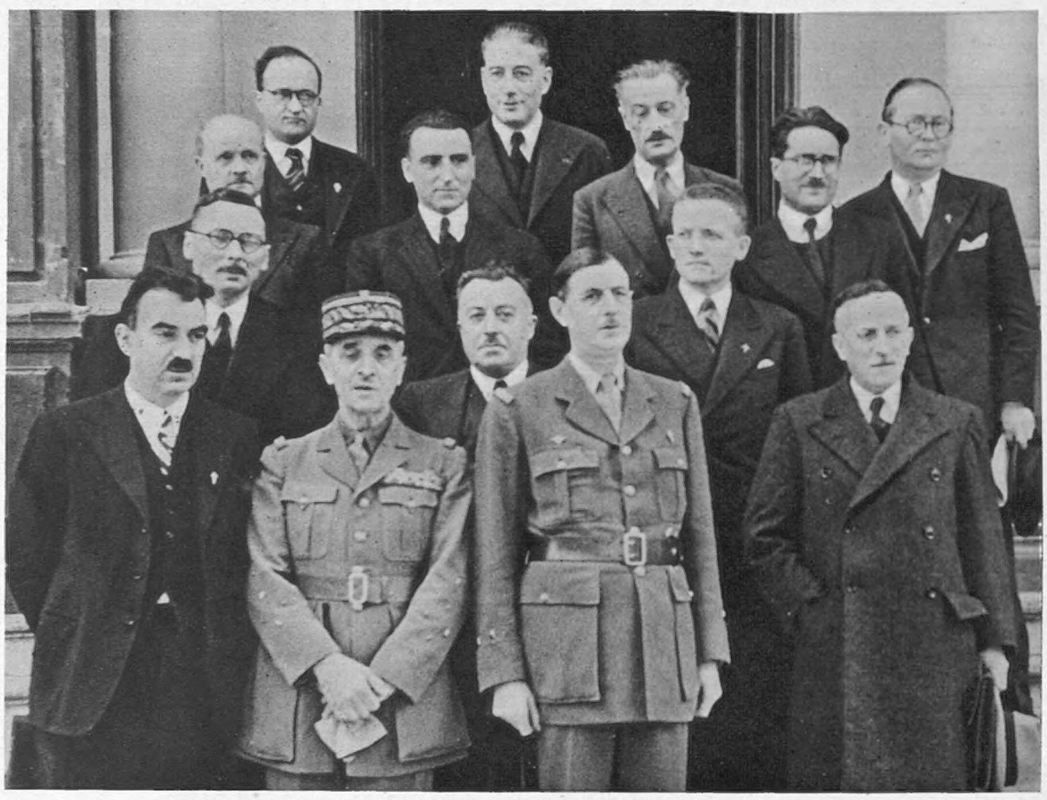
General Catroux has big plans for Overseas-France. Already under his impulse, the Lebanon is settled, a Dominion chart is drawn up for Indo-China, and a beginning has been made in Algeria towards conferring the same rights on French-Muslims as those enjoyed by Christians and Jews. This week the first Imperial Conference meets at Brazzaville, when a new plan will be revealed for treating the Colonies as provinces of France and for representation of the far distant parts in the Paris Parliament.

France expects speedy evacuation of her Empire, but it is on the cards that deals may be arranged, as between proven friends, making for foreign lease-lend use of air bases on French territory.

French foreign policy does not at present look as if it will give half as much trouble as domestic affairs. Rightly enough, the French say they have little to repent up to Munich, and that had Foch been followed, no Hitlerite Germany could have arisen to wage this war. I get all the underground papers and writers are already warning "*nos amis anglais*" that the Entente frontier is on the Rhine and that the French advanced section of the alliance should be entrusted this time with a bridgehead there indefinitely. The fear of France becoming a Napoleonic ruler of the Continent, which *les Anglais* had in 1919, is declared to be more nonsense than ever now that Russia is around.

The "freedom" that most exercises the French is that from fear. They've long had freedom of thought and religion, and they have plans to tackle want. The French will gladly play their part in the next International Authority, but, they aver, only on equal terms with the "greatest" power on earth wherever French interests are at stake. Nor will any cries of "Militarism !" deter the next France from maintaining strong forces—probably professional —of all three arms.

The French know their key position and they want to make use of it by forming a European safety chain : Moscow-Prague-Paris-London (and Washington)



THE MEN WHO COMPRISE THE FRENCH COMMITTEE OF NATIONAL LIBERATION IN ALGIERS. In the first row, from left to right, are—M. André Philip, General Georges Catroux, General Charles de Gaulle, and M. Henri Queuille. In the second row are—M. René Pleven, M. Adrien Tixier and M. Henri Frenay. In the third row are—M. André le Trocquer, M. Louis Jacquinot, M. Henri Bonnet, M. François de Menthon, and M. André Diethelm. In the fourth row are—M. René Capitant and M. René Mayer

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

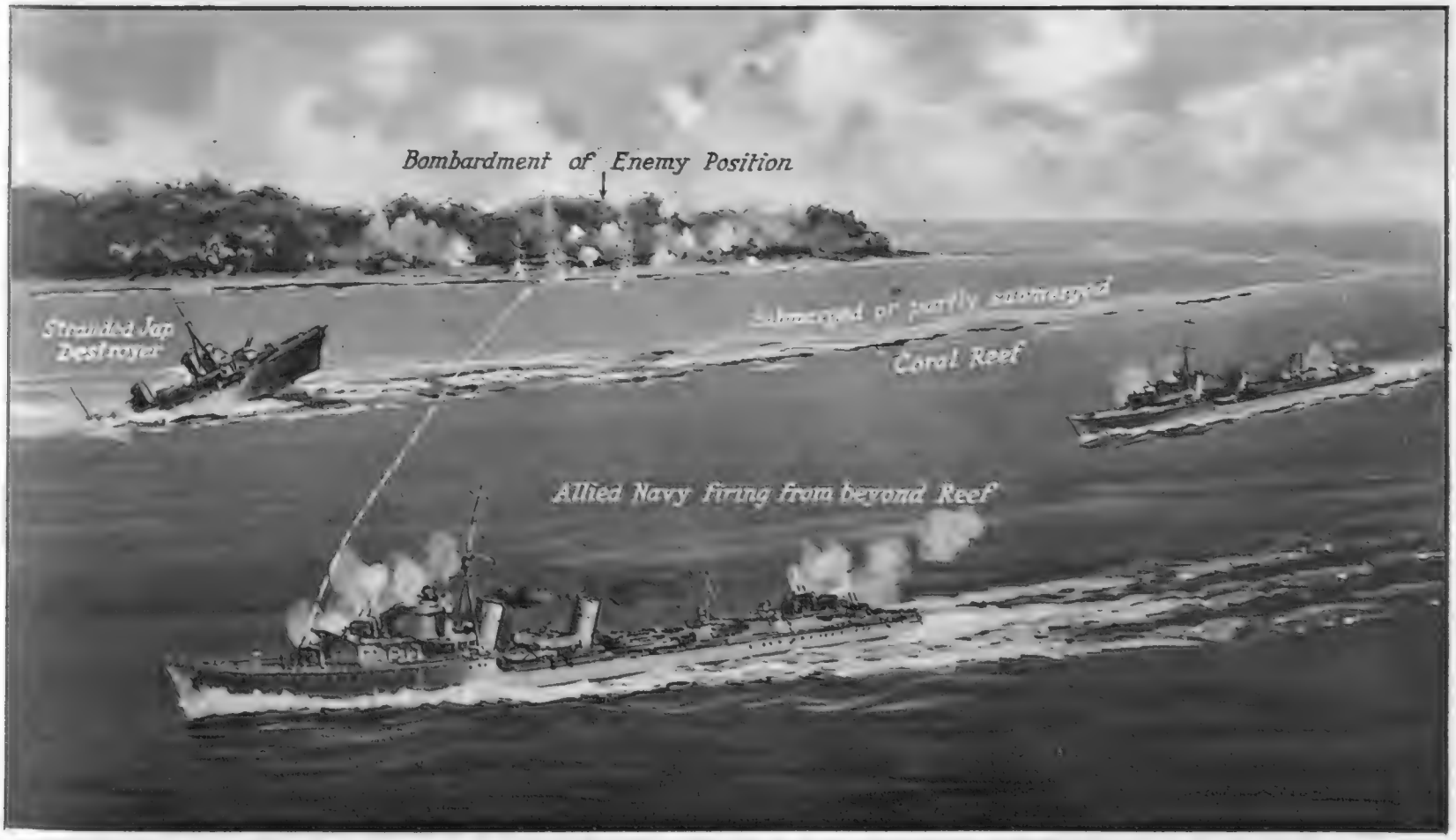
NAVAL WAR in the PACIFIC

American Battleships and Australian Destroyers Co-operating against the Japs amongst the Coral Islands

—Two Special *Sphere* Drawings

"BATTLESHIP X," WHICH SHOT DOWN THIRTY-TWO JAPANESE PLANES IN HER FIRST ENGAGEMENT. This vessel is now identified as the 41,000-ton "South Dakota": She went into action for the first time at the Battle of Santa Cruz off the Solomon Islands on October 26, 1942—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

Because she was the first of a new class of "super"-battleship, the *South Dakota*'s identity was not disclosed in battle reports from the South-West Pacific until quite recently: she was only referred to as "Battleship X." Her first engagement was in the battle of Santa Cruz in October 1942, when she shot down thirty-two Jap planes. The *South Dakota* is one of the Washington class, completed in August 1942: she is remarkable for her immense anti-aircraft armament. In addition to her main equipment of nine 16-in. guns, she carries no less than twenty 5-in. dual-purpose guns, sixteen 1·1-in. quadrupled anti-aircraft guns, and fifty 40-mm. and machine-guns. The vessel has a full load displacement of about 41,000 tons, and a speed of more than 27 knots. It is this type of warship, capable of engaging both the heaviest armed ship afloat and at the same time capable of putting up a terrific anti-aircraft barrage against bombers or torpedo-carrying aircraft, which will be the answer to the naval requirements of the war against the Japanese



HOW THE CORAL REEF FORMATIONS OFF THE PACIFIC ISLANDS AFFECT THE STYLE OF NAVAL WARFARE IN THAT REGION. Australian destroyers of the famous Tribal class firing over the reef at Jap shore positions on the island of New Britain—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

All the many theatres of war have their own special conditions. In the South-West Pacific naval commanders have a very special factor to contend with: this is the innumerable coral atolls and reefs dotted around and between the larger islands. These are usually too numerous and small to be shown on anything but a big naval chart; they may rise above the surface of the water or be just below it: they may lie close to an island and completely surround it; or they may lie at a distance of several miles off-shore. In the recent case of the bombardment of the Japanese positions at Cape Gloucester, on the island of New Britain, the assembled Australian and U.S. craft could not approach nearer than six miles, and the 3,000 shells which were discharged were thrown from that distance. In the case of the action depicted in the drawing above, there was a long, narrow, sharp-edged reef, fairly close inshore, upon which was to be seen the wreck of a Japanese destroyer. The vessels depicted are Tribal class destroyers of the Australian Navy, practically identical with the famous Tribals of the British Navy. They are large craft, 355 ft. long, and they have a speed of 36½ knots. They are armed with eight 4·7-in., and seven smaller guns

ELEVEN AGAINST TWO—AND WHAT HAPPENED TO THE ELEVEN! The extraordinary action in the Bay of Biscay, when two British cruisers (one of them twenty-four years old) routed a force of eleven German destroyers, superior in gun-power, and sank three of them: a diagrammatic exposition of the action on December 27, 1943 (see notes below)—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

THE BATTLE OF THE BAY OF BISCAY

A Note on the German Navy's Outlook on Sea Warfare

By ARTHUR BARRETT

IN its way, the Biscay encounter of the Royal Navy with a large number of German destroyers on December 27 was even more pleasing to record than the action off the North Cape; for whereas the *Scharnhorst* seems to have been abandoned by her consorts to a battle against what we must fairly admit were very heavy odds, the Biscay business was quite the reverse. Here our two cruisers *Enterprise* and *Glasgow* defeated a force of five new Narvik class destroyers (whose 5·9-in. guns were virtually comparable with the 6-inchers mounted by our cruisers) and six Elbing class destroyers—quite useful vessels of the smaller type with 4·1-in. guns. The hard facts are that two British cruisers (one twenty-four years old), plus R.A.F. support, administered an unqualified licking to a faster and more numerous German force, whose gun-power was superior in the ratio of nearly 3 to 1. The conclusions that can be drawn from the incident are not, however, quite as sweeping as might be supposed. The blockade-runner, which appears to have been one of the Komet class of fast Diesel cruisers—an interesting type well worth an article in themselves—had been sunk by bombs from a Czech Liberator the day before while still about 600 miles out from Bordeaux.

The Nazis were already virtually certain that the runner had been sunk, though the all-important "how" and "when" were still unknown to them. The motive which had led to their risking a fairly extended dash to sea had thus disappeared. That force of eleven destroyers probably represented a very large fraction of the total Nazi naval strength on the Atlantic coast. Replacement of any vessels lost

THE "SECRET MISSION" SUBMARINE returns home after thirteen busy months. H.M. Submarine *Seraph*, which has just completed thirteen months in the Mediterranean, is back home. Her commanding officer, Lieutenant N. L. A. Jewell, was awarded the M.B.E. for special services with General Mark Clark, of the U.S. Army, who he landed secretly on the Algerian coast, enabling him to make contact with pro-Allied French leaders and prepare the way for the Allied landings in North Africa. The *Seraph* also assisted in the escape of General Giraud

***On right*—BRITISH DESTROYERS PENETRATE THE ADRIATIC AND PUSH UP TO THE NORTHWARDS AS FAR AS ANCONA. The scene as the destroyers "Janus" (in foreground) and "Jervis" (on left) bombarded the town**—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

A number of British destroyers have for many weeks past been patrolling the eastern shore of Italy, their activities extending from the south up to the town and port of Ancona. A couple which bombarded Ancona and Pescaro (near the Eighth Army lines) were the *Jervis* and the *Janus*; they are shown in action in Mr. Dawson's drawing reproduced here. Ancona is seen in the background, with the cathedral on the summit of one of the twin hills between which most of the town lies. The harbour works lie chiefly to the right. Behind, towers the snowclad peak of Mte. Catria, in the Apennine range

would entail a lengthy voyage "north-about," and it would make further inroads on the naval forces the Germans are husbanding against the day we invade. When our two cruisers appeared, the Nazi commander had to balance the damage, almost certain, against the hope of picking up a few survivors, now all that remained of the original purpose of the expedition. When the *Glasgow* and *Enterprise* first showed up, the Nazis could not know, of course, if there were still more to come. Still more important, they could not then have known (and probably never knew until our Admiralty released the facts) exactly what ships were opposed to them.

The Nazis, then, did not know how many ships opposed them or what guns they mounted. But one would reasonably expect a force of eleven good destroyers *to wait and find out before they ran away.* It is for turning tail at once that one can blame the Nazis, and this, in turn, springs from the curious (to us) Nazi attitude to warship losses. The German Navy has never had the same importance in German eyes as the German Army. Yet while they will cheerfully immolate whole Panzer and infantry divisions and squadrons of the *Luftwaffe* for a reasonable cause, the loss of a unit of the German Navy is always unreasonably deplored. The British public looks with far more affection on its warships, yet while it grieves the inevitable occasional loss, it accepts it realistically as part of the price of admiralty. No British naval officer ever prejudiced his career by losing a ship in a fight against heavy odds. All German officers know in the back of their minds that their own High Command takes a very different view. That the German system is based on a certain logic is not denied, but it nevertheless often leads to trouncings of just such a kind as they received in the Bay. Their air-cover was possibly not as good as ours, but it was far from non-existent. Their naval forces alone might well have taken our two cruisers down with them. But in an effort to escape punishment at all, they finally suffered a heavy numerical loss without the consolation of doing any damage worth recording

ON THE BRIDGE OF THE "RICHELIEU." The mighty French battleship was damaged at Dakar: she was repaired at an American port, and her fire-power is now bigger than ever. Recently she underwent test runs at sea, and now she is back in place at the head of the Fighting French Fleet. This picture was taken during her trials, and shows British and American liaison officers on her bridge with her French captain

A LITTLE SHIP'S BIG RECORD: H.M.S. "Mallard," senior corvette of the First Corvette Flotilla. The officers and men of this vessel are very proud of her fine record of war service, for the most part performed off the east coast of Britain in notorious "E-Boat Alley." Since she was bombed and put out of action for a time in September 1940, *Mallard* has steamed almost 50,000 miles and escorted 256 convoys up and down the east coast: the number of ships escorted is 9,511, with a total tonnage of 18,093,210 tons. She has also carried out more than 100 anti-E-boat patrols and, from the start of the war until the day she was bombed in September 1940, her steaming miles were 31,588, making up to date a total mileage of 80,000. *Mallard* took part in the Dunkirk evacuation, in the blocking of Zeebrugge and shot down two aircraft within five weeks. This Kingfisher class corvette of 510 tons is commanded by the Senior Officer, Corvettes—Lieut.-Commander V. A. C. H. G. de Mauny, R.N.

THE EMPLOYMENT OF TANKS IN FORCING THE ENEMY OUT OF THE ITALIAN TOWNS: A scene in Ortona, approaching the main square, showing how these powerful fighting vehicles helped the infantry to drive the Germans from their fortified houses. This town was captured by combined tank and infantry operations, street after street and house after house having to be cleared in the manner indicated here—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

TANKS TO THE FRONT AGAIN IN ITALY

Their Role as Heavy Cavalry in the Mountain Warfare in the Apennines

By M. J. MASSEY

WHEN it comes to dislodging an enemy from hilly country, such as frames practically the whole of our present line in Italy, a number of conventional solutions have to be scrapped. It is usually not possible to group the weight of artillery necessary to bring a really knock-out barrage on the target, and the enemy normally has plenty of "dead ground" in which he can shelter his troops until the moment when he has to produce them to meet attacking infantry.

In really mountainous country the ground really confers no favours on either side, and the old axiom that defence is the stronger part of war is never truer. In pre-mechanised days, the advance on Rome would have been looked on essentially as a job for cavalry, with good infantry backing them up. It is interesting to note that for one of the few times on record in this war, the tanks on both sides are now actually playing the scouting, thrusting and harassing roles they were originally intended for in their role of mechanised cavalry.

We have seen them used as mobile artillery, as stationary strong-points, and as a kind of armoured infantry going in under the cover of heavy artillery barrages, but not often indulging in neat, quick cut-or-thrust actions such as those it was always held they would fight. But at last, in the actions round Ortona, Tommasso and most recently at Cassino, the fighting has temporarily taken on a cavalry character. The enemy has very sensibly chosen to use his, not in stolid frontal attacks which give opposing artillery ample time to do their worst, but in enterprising sorties calculated to inflict the greatest inconvenience on us at the least cost to them. Thus, German tanks lurk near bottlenecks in the line of our advance. If they can catch an advance party of our infantry working its way forward without much in the way of support, they will swoop down and exploit the situation. As soon as the element of surprise is lost they will be off to try their luck elsewhere. Some of our forward field engineering companies seem to have been particularly harassed by these roving Panzer groups, probably composed of the faster medium armour types. Parties of our troops endeavouring to prepare bridgeheads for our forces have been singled out for attack, frequently before they have had time to establish their position securely. There is little doubt that the Germans make a practice, when their infantry are forced to leave a position, of sending a fair force of tanks to investigate the chances of making at least a temporary

A STIRRING INCIDENT DURING A BRITISH COMMANDO RAID on the north side of the Garigliano River. The pipers of the raiding forces play the men into action, and also indicate their exact position to their comrades—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

When a Commando raid was recently carried out along the banks of the Garigliano River by British troops, the bagpipes played a part in the night's success. One force had been assigned the task of destroying a German strong-point on a rocky "island" 150 ft. high, which commands the whole valley. It was caught between two German positions when, out of the darkness, came the sound of the pipes playing "Hielan' Laddie," thus indicating that a brother company was going into action. The first force responded with "Green Hills." Both bodies then knew where they were, and soon the enemy post had been overrun

ALLIED TANKS ADVANCING ALONG THE ROAD LEADING TO CASSINO ON THE FIFTH ARMY'S FRONT. In this region the tanks have been doing useful work in forcing a passage for the infantry, especially on the road to Montes Trocchio and Porchia—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

After a period of quiescence of several weeks since the first penetration of the Mignano Gap, British tanks have again been able to advance and play a special part in aid of the infantry pressing forward on the hill-slopes and along the main highway to Cassino. The period of quiet was not an easy one for the Royal Armoured Corps; they have had to bide their time during days and weeks of inactivity, and then have had to leap forward over difficult hill-country. The disabilities of excessively steep and slippery road tracks in the hills and boggy ground on the levels still exist, and the danger of the well-placed anti-tank gun is ever present. But the moment for the advance has now come in the Cassino area, and tanks have advanced along the highway to Mte. Porchia and Mte. Trocchio, the two isolated peaks which blocked the approach to the German positions at Cervaro and the Rapido River. The tanks helped materially in the task of ousting the enemy from both these points; the roadway was a first-class motor highway; in spite of the snow slush, it provided a harder surface than that of the mountain and hill roads. The troops were able to get right up to Cervaro village, a German strong-point on the northern hill-slopes. Three miles beyond lies the town of Cassino

TANKS ON THE EIGHTH ARMY FRONT, and the German method of concentrating on Allied bridgeheads across the series of rivers which face our advancing infantry. The enemy in this area have been using their fighting vehicles in a very effective manner—to counter-attack our infantry after they have advanced across some natural obstacle, such as a river, before the support of Allied anti-tank guns can be brought effectively into use. Strong artillery concentrations are also employed for the same purpose, until our own tanks and reinforcements can be brought up to the bridgehead—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

counter-attack before we have settled in. In country where the advance is continuously under the protection of heavy artillery such tactics would not pay, but in the labyrinthine folds of the Apennines it has been quite profitable. Two other factors have also helped the Nazis here, our "tank-buster" air squadrons have frequently been grounded on their temporary waterlogged airfields, and our forward troops have often been operating on the far side of swollen rivers and damaged bridges over which it has been difficult to bring our own armour.

The Allied tanks, on the other hand, have found their principal occupation in the heavy street-fighting which has been such a feature of the whole front. The cracking of strong-points in house-cellars, or pill-boxes concealed on the ground floors of innocent villas, is a killing job for the best infantry. The Shermans were instrumental in smashing up the snipers' nests and local strong-points on the street-by-street occupation of Ortona, they supported the Sangro crossings, and now, in the Cassino push, they are supporting the infantry assaults and joining in close-quarter fighting designed to clean up Nazi positions on either side of the main Rome road.

To the tanks and the infantry falls the job of the moment. In another few miles and another few weeks it may well be the turn of artillery or air again.

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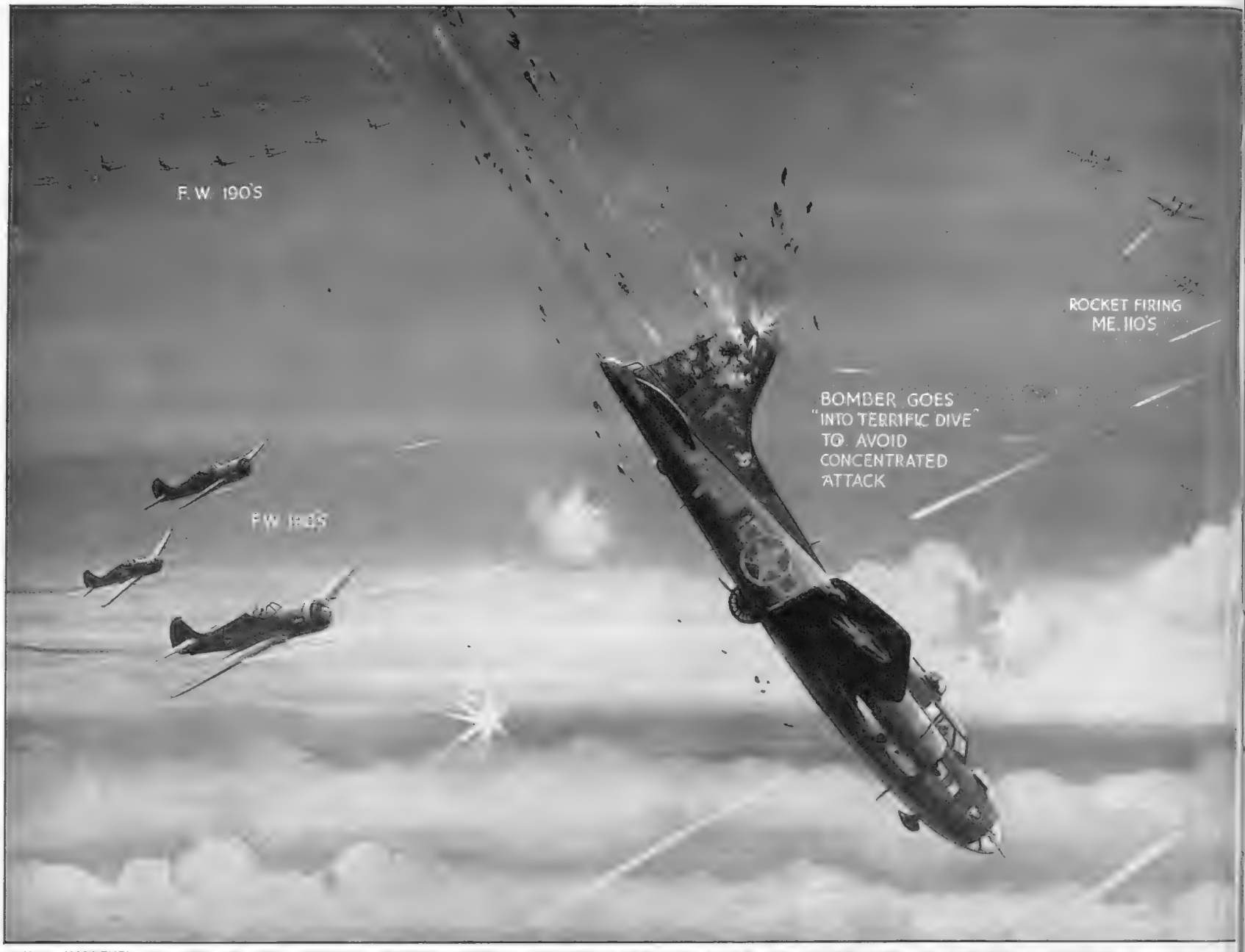


WHAT HAPPENED TO ONE OF THE AMERICAN BOMBERS DURING THE GREAT DAYLIGHT ATTACK ON OSCHERSLEBEN ON JANUARY 11. "F for Frenesi" goes into a terrific dive to avoid a concentrated attack by German fighters. F.W.190's came at her from above and from below, whilst rocket-firing Me. 110's also joined in the assault. The aircraft came back in such a state that she was fit only for salvage. But she did come back!—*Drawing by Roland Davies* (see *notes below*)

WHAT HAPPENS TO BADLY DAMAGED AMERICAN AIRCRAFT. This is the "graveyard" at a U.S. Heavy Bomber Base in England, to which all wrecked planes are sent. Many parts are salvaged in this spot by expert mechanics and used in the repair of other aircraft. What remains is scrapped, and the valuable metal used for industrial purposes

The DAYLIGHT BOMBING of GERMANY

What Happens to the Big Bombers; and the New German Tactics to Frustrate the Raiders

—*Special Sphere Drawings*

"F for Frenesi" was one of the Fortresses which went out to Oschersleben on January 11. She came back shot to bits—a series of holes held together by strips of metal. Her two pilots were uninjured, but three of the gunners were slightly wounded. The aircraft had been overwhelmed by attackers, including planes firing twin-engined rockets and a nest of F.W.190's. The crew said that the plane went into a terrific dive, one of them commenting that half the time he was on his head or hitting the top of the plane. "It was like a cyclone," he said. Most of the tail had gone, a wing-tip was shot off and one engine was dead. Crackling sounds suggested that the aircraft was going to break into two. The sky was full of rocket-bursts. "Frenesi" One is now scrap for salvage but her crew will still go on fighting in "Frenesi" Two

On right—**GERMANY'S LATEST TACTICS AGAINST THE AMERICAN DAYLIGHT ATTACKS. How the massed enemy fighter formations swing round, get into line and then fire their rockets at the raiders**—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

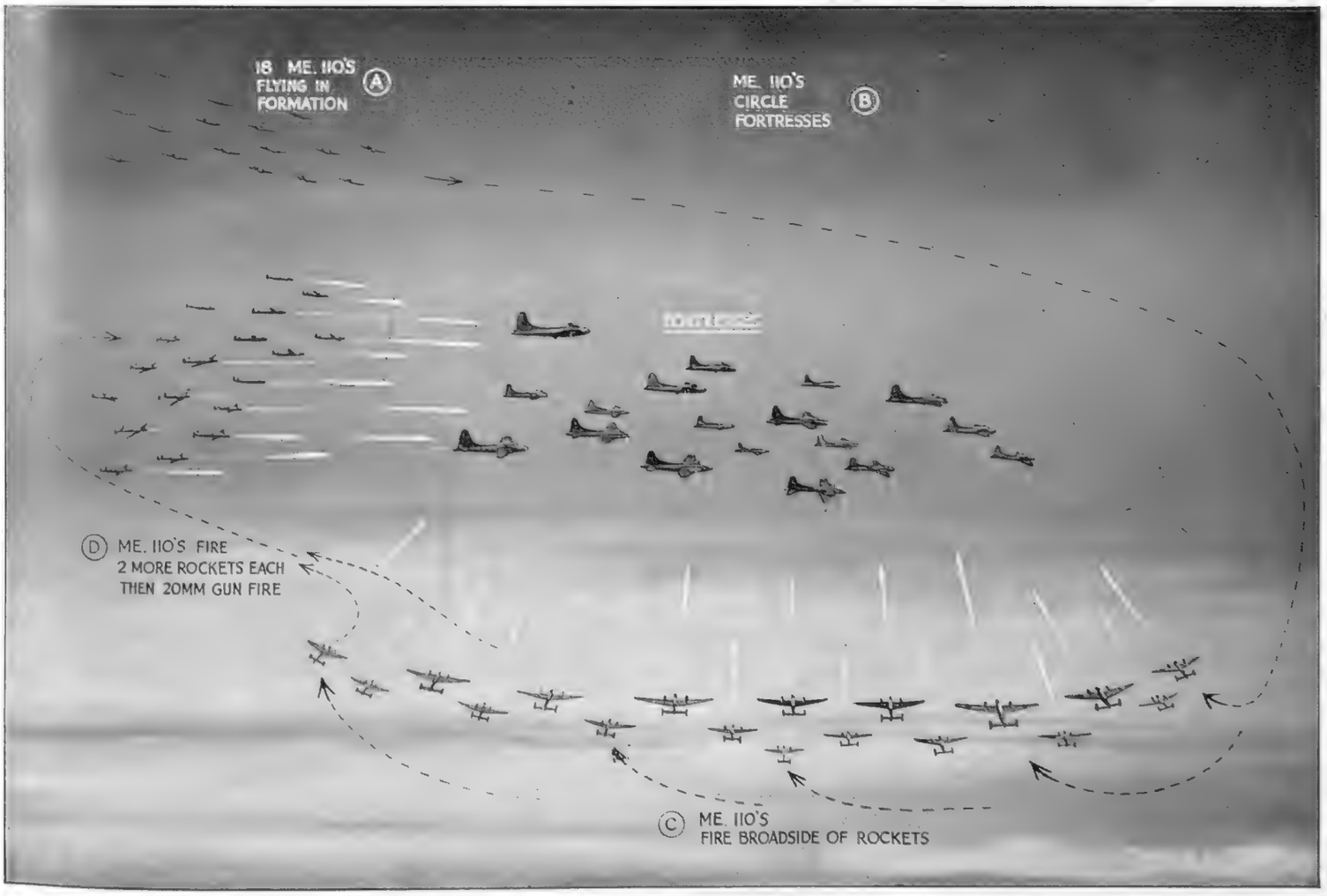
What happened during the great air battle of January 11 was described by an American gunner who took part. In the distance, he said, he saw eighteen planes flying in neat Fortress formation. For a moment he thought that his own little force was going to have some recruits. The newcomers circled his formation, and he then saw that they were Me.110's. "They got round to one side of us," he said, "and then turned into line. When they were all facing us, they let go a broadside of rockets into the formation. Most of them missed, but some got lucky hits. The Me.s then started pairing off, and then circled back behind the formation. We thought that they had fired both their rockets, but each of them had two more. They flung those at us and then came in after them with their 20-mm. guns. Then the F.W.190's—so many of them that I could not count them—came out of the haze at us"

WHEN "FRENESI" CAME HOME: The aircraft was very badly damaged during the fierce fighting which took place both to and from the target at Oschersleben, but the pilot and co-pilot kept her flying. After a terrific struggle, "F for Frenesi" was landed safely at her base in England, although, in the words of the Group Commander, "it was inconceivable how the aircraft could still fly." These pictures were taken just before the plane was sent to the "graveyard" for salvage

EXAMINING THE TAIL FIN, half-blown away by a German cannon-shell, after "F for Frenesi" had landed back at its base. This was only part of the great damage suffered

EXAMINING A HUGE HOLE IN ONE OF THE WINGS. The pilot of the aircraft is on the right, and his co-pilot on the left

SOME OF THE SHELL-HOLES IN A WING OF THE AIRCRAFT. "Frenesi" was attacked by aircraft firing twin-engined rockets and also by F.W.190 fighters. She has now been scrapped and a new "Frenesi" will replace her

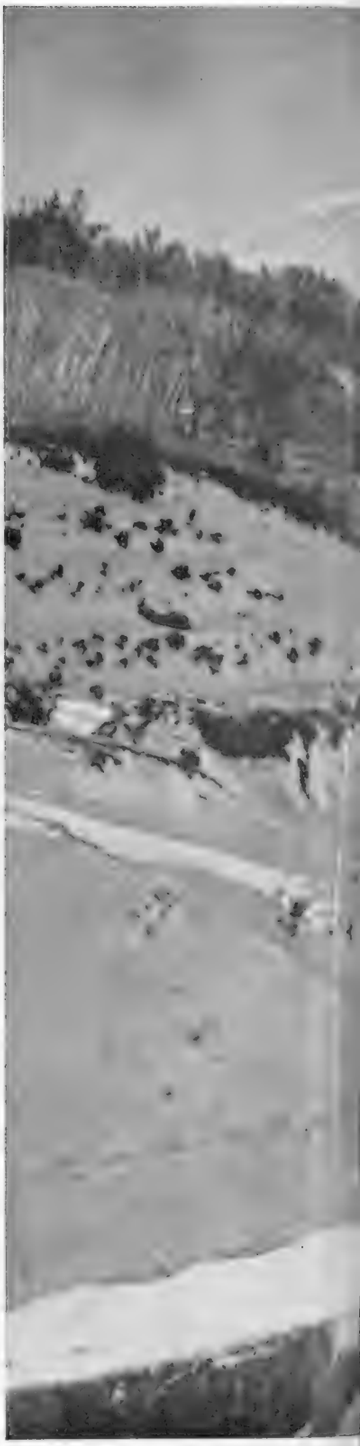


ALONG THE ROAD TO ROME

The Nature of the Snow-covered Country which now Faces the Allied Armies as they Advance across the Hills of Central Italy

THE WINTRY LANDSCAPE AMONGST THE MOUNTAINS WHERE THE EIGHTH ARMY HAVE BEEN FIGHTING: A mule train plods through the deep snow with supplies for the Infantry in advanced positions

After years of pre-war propaganda by Italian Tourist Bureaux throughout the world, it came as a shock to many to realise that—at least up in the Apennines and its foothills—the weather can be as wet and cold and snowy in winter as in less publicised and less favoured countries. For weeks our men fought in torrential rains and fogs, fording swollen rivers and streams, and experiencing climatic conditions of the worst possible kind. Then came the snows in the mountain areas, and piercing cold and bitter winds. Roads in this area are mere tracks: hence the need for mule transport, for lorries cannot penetrate far along the loosely-constructed cart tracks and goat tracks. For many of the Eighth Army after the war the posters extolling the delights of "Sunny Italy in Winter" will probably have little appeal!



Below—**MEN OF A BRITISH REGIMENT CLIMB OVER THE FOOTHILLS towards the main enemy line, where the Germans have been putting up a fierce resistance.** In the lower regions, approaching the Apennine peaks, the ground is still clear of snow—although that may come later. The "road" which these men are traversing is, in reality, a track along which—in peacetime—little vehicular traffic flowed. The nature of the terrain in Central Italy, as well as the weather, has contributed almost as much to the slowness of our advance as the resistance put up by the Germans

UP IN THE HILLS ON THE EIGHTH ARMY FRONT : MEN OF THE GREEN HOWARDS PRESS FORWARD UP A SNOW-COVERED HILLSIDE. After months of ploughing through seas of mud and driving rain and mist, our troops now find that they have to contend with heavy snowfalls and deep drifts—an added difficulty in country where roads are few and where natural defences provide the enemy with strong advantages

BEFORE MOVING UP TO NEW POSITIONS, Canadian troops outside Ortona attend a Service conducted by their chaplain, Major the Rev. C. Jones, near San Leonardo. They then advanced through wind and snow along the Adriatic coast towards the town of Pescara

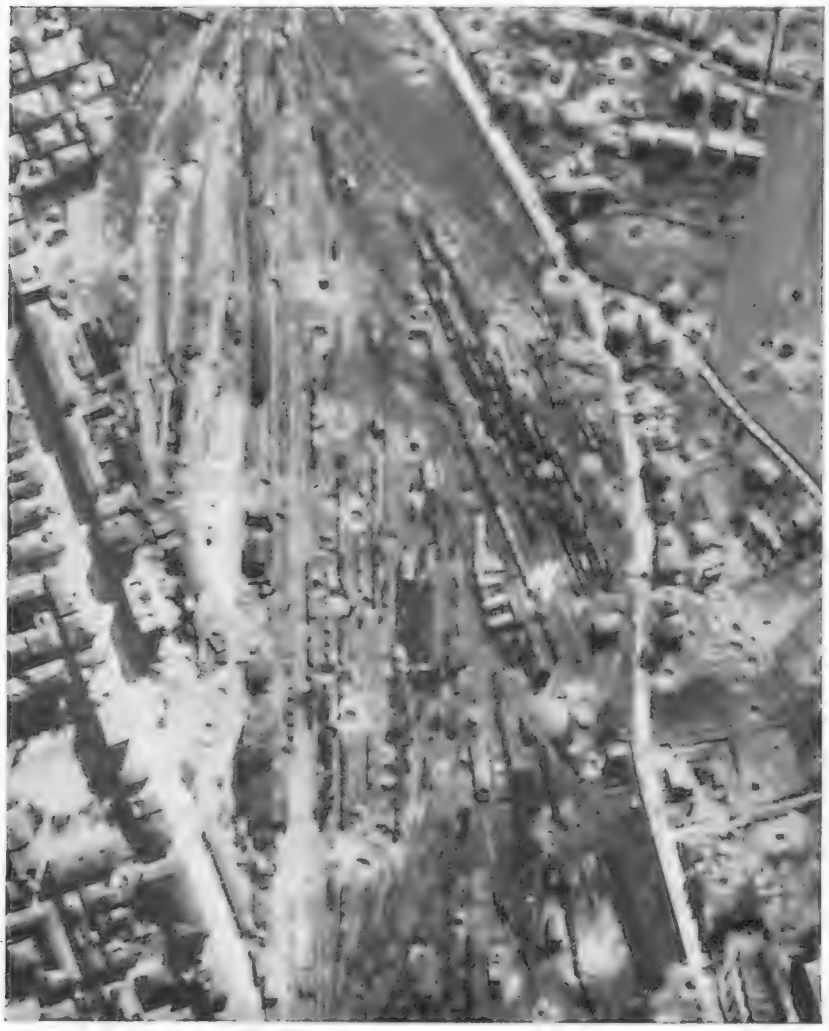
AFTER THE CAPTURE OF ORTONA : The band of a Canadian infantry regiment plays for the troops in the Square after this much-shelled town had been captured after very fierce house- and street-fighting. The band was conducted by Bandmaster O'Connor

The TACTICAL BOMBING of ITALY

Vital Centres of Communication and Production behind the German Lines Bombarded by the Tactical Air Force

BOMBING THE HARBOURS USED BY THE GERMANS ALONG THE ADRIATIC. An air attack in progress on the harbour of Split. An outstanding job of precision bombing on a difficult target is demonstrated in this picture of the harbour of Split, in Yugoslavia, one of the most important German-held Adriatic ports. The bombing was done on January 3 by Twelfth Army Air Force Mitchells, which completely covered the railroad yards and most of the docks and shipping in the harbour, with little damage to the city itself. The picture shows the bomb pattern beginning at the water's edge at the upper left, and continuing through the railroad yards and covering most of the dock area. Shipping moored at the piers is obscured by smoke

AN IMPORTANT GERMAN COMMUNICATIONS CENTRE—the town of Rimini, on the east coast of Italy—before it was bombed by B17 Flying Fortresses and D24 Liberators on December 28-29. The craters of previous bombs dropped by the Americans are clearly visible all throughout the target area



THE RAILWAY YARDS AT PESCARA: An enlargement showing the great devastation caused by Allied bombs. The bombing was confined to the target area, leaving the town itself relatively undamaged. Towns on the east-to-west roads to Rome are now under constant bombing attack: some are little more than villages, but by reason of their situation, they may have a military importance out of proportion to their size

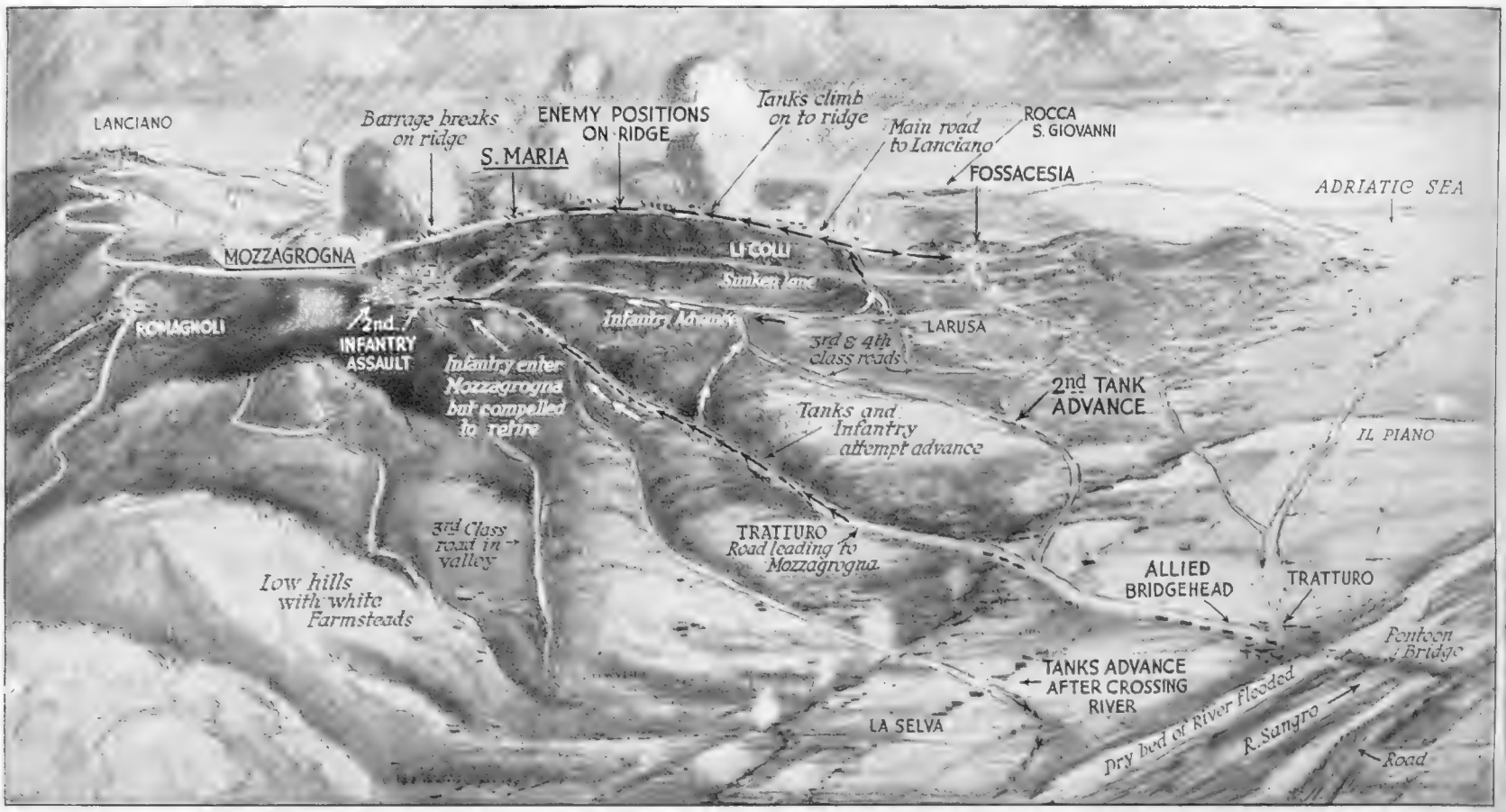
DRIFTING DOWN THROUGH THE GREY SMOKE from fires started by previous explosives, six bombs fall from the bays of a Mitchell bomber in a raid on Terni, in Central Italy, on January 2. The targets, well covered by high explosives, were the city's railway yards, an ironworks and a barracks

ATTACK BY AIR ON A VITAL COMMUNICATION CENTRE IN THE APENNINES: Martin Marauders of the Tactical Air Force bombing the railways and roads around Aquila. In the background is the mountain range known as the Gran Sasso d'Italia—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

In bombarding the road and rail communications of Aquila, the Tactical Air Force have been dislocating the communications behind the enemy's defence lines at a very vital point. Several important roads from Rome, Sulmona, Pescara, Spoleto and Orvieto converge here, in addition to the rail communications linking the town with both sides of the great mountain range which, to the north-east, rises as a giant wall in the range known as the Gran Sasso d'Italia. The chief snow-capped peaks at this point tower up to the height of 9,000 ft. They form the highest point of the whole Apennine range. Another string of mountain peaks enclose the valley of the Aterno, on which Aquila lies to the south-west. The busy city occupies a point somewhat to the north of the dead centre of the valley. Its great history is worthy of its glittering setting

On right—**THE BOMBERS ON THEIR WAY TO AQUILA.** With a background of rugged, sharp-peaked mountains, this formation of American B26 Marauders of the Army Air Force is on the way to bomb vital Nazi communications in Northern Italy. The picture was taken just before the aircraft unloaded their bombs on the railroad bridges at Aquila, in the valley of the Sangro River. In the lower right corner of the picture is seen a large plant working for the Germans; while across the river is an enemy ammunition plant

FLYING FORTRESSES OF THE FIFTEENTH ARMY AIR FORCE smash the vital ball-bearing works at Villar-Perosa. This attack is part of the offensive against Germany's production centres in Italy. Over one hundred and fifty tons of bombs (some of which are shown bursting on the factory buildings) were dropped directly on the target during this one raid



MOZZAGROGNA: HOW THE ENEMY RESISTANCE ON THE LANCIANO RIDGE WAS FINALLY BROKEN and an advance made possible from the Sangro River bridgeheads after one of the sternest fights yet experienced by the Eighth Army in Italy. The drawing shows the routes taken by the tanks and by the Royal Fusiliers and other infantry. The capture of Mozzagrogna is now recognised as one of the most important during recent operations in the Eighth Army area

—Drawing by Percy Home (See notes below)

The CAPTURE of MOZZAGROGNA

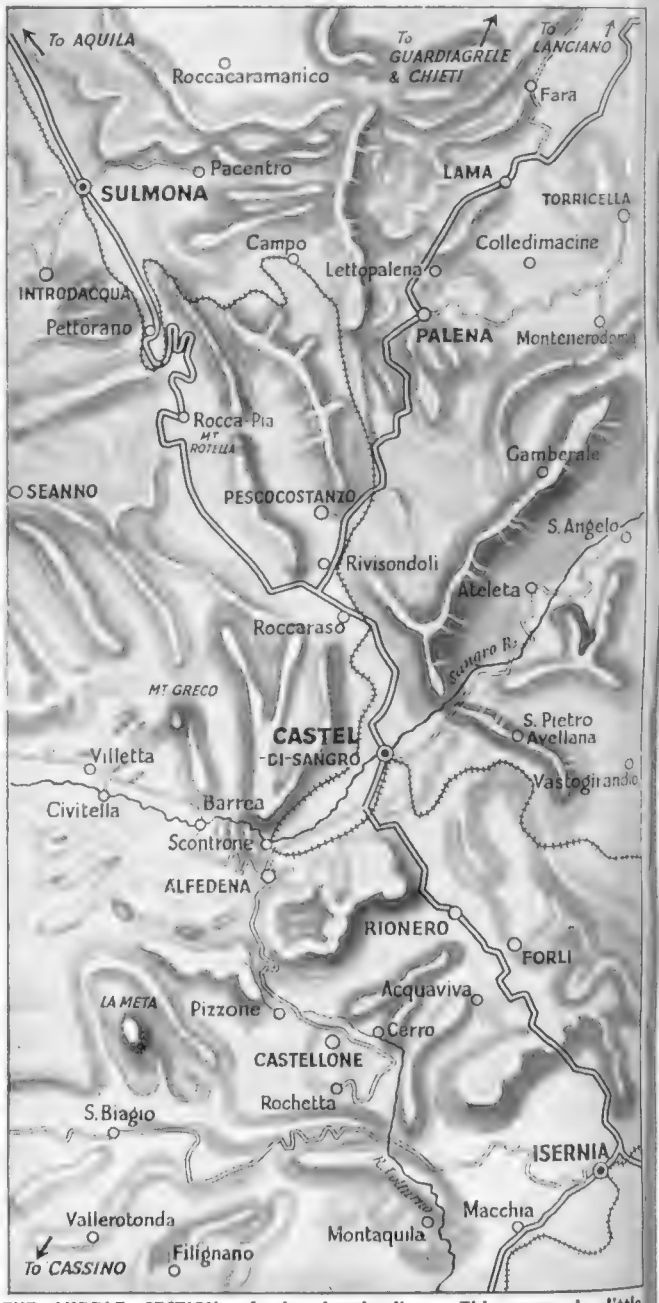
And the German "Winter Line" on the Ridge beyond the River Sangro

It has now become evident that the taking of the ridge which lay north of the River Sangro was one of the sternest fights which has faced the Eighth Army in Italy. The crossing of the river had been accomplished only after prolonged difficulties, due to the flooding of the wide abyss of the river-bed and the blasting away of bridges. The bridgeheads were held under fire from the enemy, well placed on the natural defensive high ground, on the top of which ran the road to Lanciano. Till the tanks and heavy armour could cross, there was no chance of the infantry advancing.

At the very end of November the weather improved, a way across the river was found higher up and tanks got across in large enough numbers to make an attack upon the German stronghold a possibility. Lying just below the ridge were three villages—Mozzagrogna and Santa Maria to the left, and Fossacesia to the right, nearer to the coast. Long before dawn, on November 29, the great battle for the capture of the ridge began, in which artillery, the Air Force, tanks and infantry all played their part. While the snowy peaks of the Majella Mountains still sparkled under the brilliant stars, the guns were thundering continuously, tanks were moving up towards the Li Colli defence and the troops were advancing towards Mozzagrogna, having been well trained to move with comparative ease during the hours of darkness. It was bitterly cold when at 6 a.m. the barrage ceased and the general assault began.

Once on the ridge the tanks turned left and made for the rear of the German positions. Santa Maria was found to be evacuated, with the exception of a few Germans who were in a wearied and alarmed condition, shattered by the incessant barrage. From Santa Maria the tanks proceeded to Mozzagrogna and turned eastward towards Fossacesia. There had been a very bitter struggle for Mozzagrogna, which had been gained by the infantry fighting from house to house. British, Indian and New Zealand troops took part in the general assault on the ridge, but it is now apparent from a tablet just erected in the ruined village that it was the Royal Fusiliers who had been the leading British troops to gain Mozzagrogna.

THE FIRST TOWN NORTH OF THE SANGRO RIVER TO FALL TO THE BRITISH WAS MOZZAGROGNA. Heavy fighting of a most sanguinary nature took place around it between November 27 and 30, 1943, during which the Royal Fusiliers suffered heavy casualties. This picture was taken in the main Square of the town during the passage through it of one of the first mule trains with supplies and stores for the fighting men



THE MIDDLE SECTION of the battle-line. This area is little referred to by the correspondents on the Italian front, owing to its inaccessibility in the very centre of the line. It is wedged in between the two main operations areas, and is flanked by the wings of the Fifth and Eighth Armies

The MIDDLE SECTION
of the Italian Apennine Front

If the reader follows the news from the Italian front with close attention, he will perceive that operations on the left flank are described with considerable detail. This is the region held by the Fifth Army, and the same he will find applies to the operations of the Eighth Army on the right flank of the line. He will perceive that between these two areas there is a central one about which less had been heard.

This area touches on the south-western flank the high-snowclad peaks where the extreme right-flank operations of the Fifth Army have been taking place, under conditions of extreme severity. Here it is that a force of North African *Goums* have been scaling and capturing very difficult positions, wading through snow often 3 ft. deep. At the north-easterly end of the line the main operations of the Eighth Army are confined within the towering Majella Mountains and the sea at Ortona.

The central section, which lies between these two areas, is apparently held in more open fashion and has been by no means quiescent. The Allied troops have been pressing forward in various directions, chiefly in a westerly movement against the hill-points commanding Castel di Sangro, which place was recently entered after the enemy had been forced to retire to the hills on the left bank of the Sangro. The town was discovered to be in a very wrecked condition. This was due, not to Allied artillery fire, but to deliberate destruction by the enemy. House after house had been blown up, in order, apparently, that the place should not be easily converted into a base for future Allied operations. Since our forces entered the town numbers of its inhabitants have returned, to find out how much of their property has survived the enemy's destruction. Apparently, there had been a migration away from the explosions when a large number of houses were destroyed.

Italian housewives can be seen picking their way among mountains of rubble and rafters in order to find out whether any of their household goods still exist. The importance of Castel di Sangro lies in the fact that it lies at the opening to the valley road leading to Sulmona, on the one hand, and another first-class road leading south-west to Alphadena. The possibility of a western thrust into the Sulmona valley would appear to be fraught with considerable difficulty, if snow is falling in this area as heavily as it is in the Monte Lungo area.

If one gets through the gap by way of Rocca Raso, a hill mass of threatening aspect arises immediately ahead. The road to Sulmona bears away to the left, with rock masses to right and left of steep and weird formation. Hill villages, however, perch themselves fantastically wherever little hanging valleys occur. One of these, Pescoconstanzo, has the reputation of being a peculiarly cold spot in the Apennines. During winter it is almost invariably three parts buried in snow. The conditions in this central area, aggravating, as they do, the physical obstacles which characterise both the east and west flank of the Italian front, account for the see-saw nature of the fighting

THE DESOLATION CAUSED BY THE GERMANS BEFORE THEIR RETREAT FROM CASTEL DI SANGRO, which was reduced to ruins in pursuance of a "scorched earth" policy: Only twelve houses were left standing in the town—and those only because of the failure of the explosives to detonate. Apparently, the Germans were determined to deny to the Allies the advantages of its occupation during the bitter wintry Alpine weather; and also to demonstrate their hatred of the Italians for quitting the war. Everything was stripped from the buildings before their destruction and all movable stores had been carried off: for weeks after the return of its former inhabitants, they were grubbing around amongst the ruins in search of their belongings and hidden stores of food. This was the scene which faced the photographer in the main street of Castel di Sangro after its occupation by the Eighth Army, when only vast heaps of rubble remained of houses and public buildings

THE MEMORIAL TO THE MEN WHO TOOK MOZZAGROGNA. A tablet erected in honour of the Royal Fusiliers: the slab was made entirely by local Italian labour. The monument behind was erected after the last war to commemorate fallen Italians

A picture taken whilst a stretch of road north of Mozzagrogna was under German shell-fire. It shows the shelter erected by a couple of Gurkha soldiers as a protection against shell splinters

THE TERM "DIVISION" HAS DIFFERENT MEANINGS IN DIFFERENT ARMIES. This is how it is interpreted by the leading Powers in Europe and the Pacific

Preparing for the Invasion

WHAT IS A DIVISION?

The Contrasting Methods of Assessing the World's Armies; and the Different Meanings of the Terms "Division" and "Regiment"

THE Germans still have so many hundred "divisions"; there is a New Zealand "division" in Italy; our American allies mightily multiply their triangular "divisions"; Mannstein rushes more *armoured* "divisions" to the Kiev salient—and thus we bandy the most common term in modern strategical discussion. But how many of us know exactly what we are talking about?

Old ideas die hard, and probably the notion is still prevalent that a division consists of some 20,000 men. This dates, like many other military conceptions, right back to the arch-originator Napoleon. Formerly the Americans, ourselves and the Dominions had the largest divisions, consisting of some 15,000 to 16,000 men. Most European powers favoured smaller units, so that the Germans entered Poland with divisions containing approximately 12,000. Meanwhile, however, we had adopted the Continental measure ourselves, and to-day an average British division should contain something over 12,000 of all ranks. The Americans followed our example, and their renowned triangular divisions are really organised in very much the same way as ours, that is to say, with three brigades of three battlions (the triangle), as against the four brigades of four battalions (square) which characterised the old 1914-1918 type.

Why did we all reduce the number of men in a division? We did so because mechanisation and increased fire-power made it possible to dispense with large numbers of supernumeraries, and because the smaller unit is more adapted to modern tactical conditions, not being so unwieldy for a fast-moving Montgomery or Rommel to handle. Then it was possible to have *more* divisions with the smaller numerical complements, and so make a better propaganda show.

The last consideration has doubtless played a part in the latest German development, whereby many divisions have been reduced to six battalions instead of nine, that is some 8,000 men only. Here is a clear indication of waning German strength, but by that device the world can continue to be impressed with statistics about hundreds of German divisions still to be conquered.

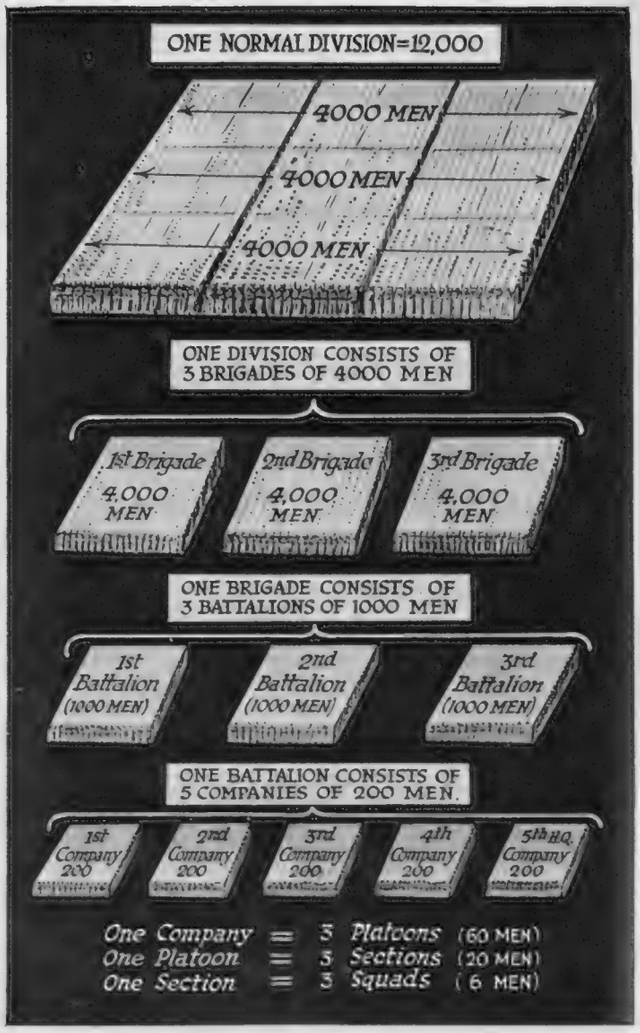
The Russians have, contrariwise always, been reticent about the number and strength of their divisions (a sure sign of strength?), and it is only possible to say that before the war the Red Army had exceptionally large divisions—15,000 to 20,000 men—which may have been considerably reduced since as a result of increasing mechanisation, of experience in the field of battle, and of losses.

So far we have been referring to *infantry* divisions. Modern war has brought other formations, such as the armoured division, which in most armies consists of 3,000 to 5,000 men as crews and ancillary troops, with some 250 to 500 tanks. There is, for another example, the United States Marine Corps division, about 11,000 men trained for self-contained beach-head fighting.

To round off such an account it might be acceptable to have a brief restatement of what our familiar British formations, such as brigades, regiments, companies and platoons signify in numerical terms.

The *brigade*, as indicated, is the third part of a division, about 4,000 men at present. In turn it is divided into three *battalions*, roughly containing some 1,000 men each. Then a battalion is ordinarily composed of four rifle *companies* and a headquarters company, but here it would be unwise to dogmatise about numbers of men, as the strength of the division is further made up of artillery and other effectives. Perhaps 200 men could be regarded as a theoretical company strength, though 100 might be nearer the mark in many cases.

A company is divided into three *platoons*, and each platoon into three *sections*, which for everyday training purposes are finally subdivided into *squads* of six to seven men.



HOW A BRITISH DIVISION IS SUB-DIVIDED into Brigades, battalions, companies, etc., right down to the lowly squad. The Division consists of 12,000 men: its smallest part is a squad, composed of only six men

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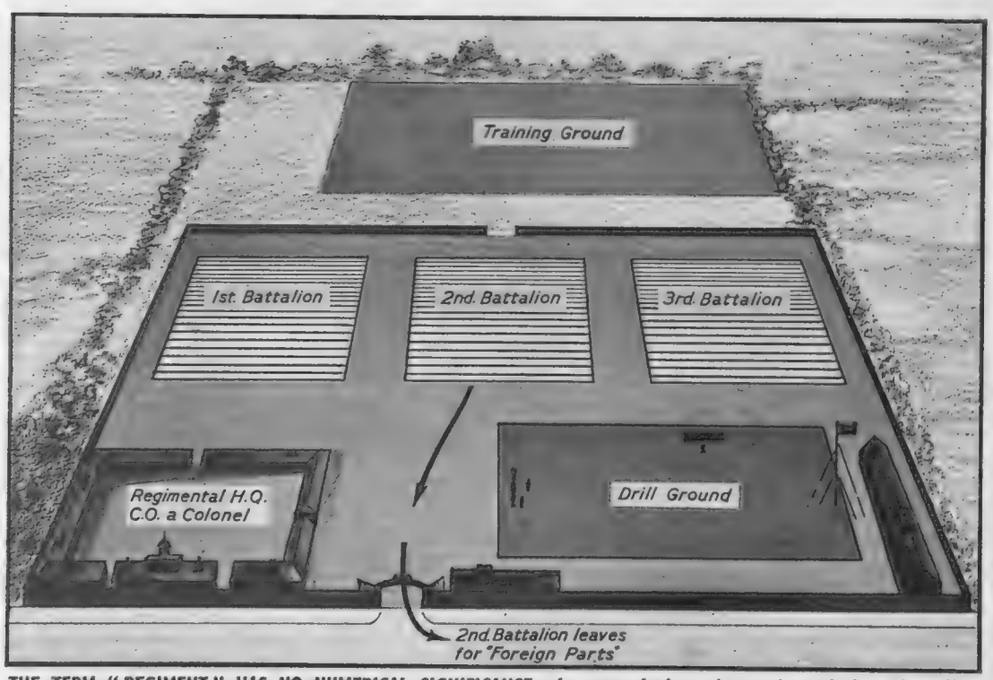
As for the term *regiment*, that is a typical piece of our British inconsequence, cutting across all official sub-divisions of the Army, save in certain cases. Admittedly the regiment was originally the basic formation, derived from the territorial groups of men-at-arms brought by barons to the wars. With time it branched in two directions, and we have to-day on the one side regiments associated with districts, such as the Sherwood Foresters, the Worcestershire Regiments, the various Guards regiments, and, on the other side, specialist formations such as the Royal Regiment of Artillery.

It will be found that the more recent additions to the Army are organised in corps, while those branches which have been long established are still organised in battalions or regiments.



THE TERM "REGIMENT" HAS NO NUMERICAL SIGNIFICANCE: In normal times it consists of three battalions, but many "regiments" often have more. Here is a diagrammatic exposition of the regiment, with its Headquarters, training ground, drill ground, etc.

A NEW ITEM OF EQUIPMENT FOR THE ARMY: By using a lighted cigarette to start the fuse, this officer provides himself with hot soup in four minutes. The fuse runs down the length of the tin. The main object of this invention is to provide a hot and sustaining drink for troops fighting in the cold and unable to light a fire. Before the fuse is lighted two holes are punched in the tin to allow the hot steam to emerge

INVENTIONS and DISCOVERIES

New Ideas from the United States for Waging War and for the Coming of the Air Age

A MAMMOTH "FLYING WING" DESIGNED BY A NOTED INVENTOR for carrying perishable cargoes over long distances. This is an artist's impression of the new 120-ton "flying wing" designed by Victor Burnelli for Colonial Air Lines for post-war use in transporting perishable fruit cargoes from Florida to Canada (Miami—New York—Montreal). It contains refrigerating chambers, and will be capable of carrying a pay-load of 40 tons at the unprecedented cost of fourpence a ton-mile. This will enable the Florida growers to market their fruit fourteen hours after it is picked. The aircraft is powered by four engines: it will have a range of 1,600 miles

THE P38 LIGHTNING FIGHTER which now provides long-range cover for the big bombers of the Eighth U.S. Army Air Force during their daylight raids: In the latest great U.S. daylight raid on Germany, during which 700 bombers blasted all the main buildings of Germany's biggest fighter-plane factory at Oeschersleben as well as two other vital plants, long-range fighters provided escort farther into Germany than ever before. The operation, in which more than 100 enemy fighters and rocket-planes were shot down by the attacking force, is described as a "major military success." One group of fighters flew 400 miles to the target, and, engaging the enemy whilst the bombers were dropping their explosives, destroyed fourteen Nazis and damaged twenty others without loss to themselves. This actual machine, piloted by Captain T. A. White (of Kelso, Washington) took part in the great action

THE ARMOURED VEST worn by American flying men, and the protection it afforded to one airman: During the big raid on Oeschersleben on January 11, Staff-Sergeant Jerome J. Bajenski was hit over the heart by a 20-mm. explosive incendiary shell. It exploded and embedded itself in his armoured vest. He was knocked breathless, but recovered and shot down two planes soon afterwards. This picture shows the hole torn by the shell, the exploded remnants of the shell itself, the tip of Bajenski's communication cord and a piece of the plane bulkhead which carried through with the shell

A NEW AMERICAN FIGHTING VEHICLE. This is one of the U.S. Army's new M4 high-speed medium tractors. It is here seen towing a 155-mm. "Long Tom" during a training manœuvre. Besides towing the gun and carrying the necessary ammunition, the M4 can accommodate a gun crew of eleven artillerymen and a driver. Fast and manœuvrable as a large Army lorry, it is heavily armoured and mounts a rapid-firing light gun for defence against attack from the air or the ground

A NEW ATTACHMENT which converts the Garand Rifle into a grenade-thrower. This invention has eliminated the need of the old Springfield which had been carried by various units of the American Army for this specific purpose. The launching device is fitted to the top of the rifle barrel in the manner shown above: on the table are a number of the grenades and signal flares which are among those which can be used on the attachment

WHEN the INVASION COMES

The Co-operation Between the British and American Forces which will be Fighting Side by Side in Europe

Described by CHARLES GRAVES

AS we stand now on the eve of the invasion and liberation of the Continent, the importance of Anglo-American integration, as well as friendship, is vital. It was, therefore, most heartening to hear from General Eisenhower that the British and American troops in the Mediterranean are working together as a real team—not only in the higher echelons, but right down through the different units of command. It was even more heartening to me this week to visit officially the secret Headquarters where British and American officers are putting their final touches to their plans for the Second Front, and to be able to cross the "t's" and dot the "i's" of General Eisenhower's statement.

When the Americans became our allies after Pearl Harbour, it would have been difficult to imagine a greater contrast between their military machine and ours. As it is, the stripes of their non-commissioned officers are upside-down; an American brigadier wears the same kind of insignia as an English 2nd lieutenant; their steel helmets resemble the German variety; most of their weapons are different, though we swiftly borrowed the Thompson sub-machine gun; the calibre of their field artillery, the design of their tanks (the Sherman tank is generally regarded as the best tank in the Allied camp), the wireless procedure, the formation of General Headquarters, the names for common articles of war, were all different.

Considering all this, it was a real miracle that the North African campaign worked out so well, for the confusion in making the plans beforehand was unparalleled. So much so, that it was soon decided by the British and American High Commands that something would have to be done quickly to rectify this before the Second Front began in earnest. Among other things, a joint "Q" planning school was started, so that both the British and American planning staffs could learn about one another and, in fact, become literally bilingual. Even in ordinary conversation there are many civilian American words which have a totally different meaning to us, and *vice versa*. This is still more true of English and American military parlance. As for the various abbreviations and initials which spring up like mushrooms during a war, a complete study was necessary before they could be mastered by the staffs of the two Allies.

Actually, it was decided that as the American Army are our guests, it would be more courteous and simple if we learnt their language instead of forcing ours on them. Equally, that we should fit our echelons into their "skeleton," adopting their nomenclature simultaneously. As a case in point, the United States General Staff has four branches, like the Continental armies—G.1, G.2, G.3, and G.4. The first is Personnel, the second Military Intelligence, the third Operations and Training, and the fourth Equipment; whereas with us the Chief of Imperial General Staff only handles Operations, Training, and Military Intelligence—the Adjutant-General's Department and the Quartermaster-General's Department not being under the General Staff. Now, however, our "Q" work is being called G.4 work, or Housekeeping—another American equivalent for the same thing. Our Commanders-in-Chief are being called Commanding Generals; lines of communication are being called communication zones; lorries have become "trucks." We no longer appreciate a situation, we estimate it; our directed letters are taking the form of the American Army memorandum, which is more like a field message.

At the moment our Staff Officers working with the Americans are trying to resist the "buck slip." This is a special form in triplicate for passing the buck, instead of the odd bits of paper which our Staff Officers pin on to, let us say, Cabinet papers asking for information on what plans the Staff has for guarding Berlin against sabotage. On the other hand, the G.1098 (the scale of authorised equipment for a unit) has become a T.B.A.—the American Table of Basic Allowance. Incidentally, Snafu is rapidly passing into colloquial use among British officers, but don't expect me to explain its meaning.

It must not be supposed, however, that there is no give and take in return, as the Prime Minister announced some months ago, for our adoption of the Americanism "truck" for lorry. The Americans have accepted the word petrol in the place of gasoline. In the case of the new wireless procedure, we have given up Ack, Beer, and Don, for Able, Baker, and Dog; but the Americans have accepted Charlie in place of Cast.

In the case of movement control, the American Transportation Corps' job was formerly to build railways and operate ports. Now they are imitating us and are controlling movement as well. Incidentally, if you go into any R.T.O. you will find now an American Transportation corporal, in addition to British non-commissioned officers on the same job.

The new American gas-mask is now much more like ours than before. Their new battle-dress is also an adaptation of ours. There is a joint development in the manufacture of landing-craft. Better still, inter-attachment has been going on for months. This means that ten British soldiers are attached to an American battalion for a fortnight, and *vice versa*.

THE PRIME MINISTER RETURNS TO LONDON and at once discusses affairs with the three Chiefs of Staff. As evidence of the Premier's preoccupation with warlike matters is this picture taken a few moments after his train arrived in London. The three men with whom Mr. Churchill is talking (all of whom were at the station to meet him) are Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir Charles Portal; Admiral of the Fleet Sir Andrew Cunningham (First Sea Lord); and Field-Marshal Sir Alan Brooke (Chief of the Imperial General Staff)

CANADIAN TROOPS UNDERGO "LAST MINUTE" PREPARATIONS FOR THE INVASION. The Canadian troops in Britain have been getting ready, in what might almost be called the final rehearsal for Invasion, by carrying out a gruelling Battle Warfare Wing Exercise in the Southern Counties with live ammunition. It was a twenty-two-hour exercise, without food or rest. The men who took part are all Canadian officers undergoing their final training. Artillery, supported with 3-in. mortars, co-operated; here one of the mortar crews is seen in action: they are firing smoke-bombs and high-explosives during one of the attacks

LIEUTENANT A. BROSSARD DIGGING-IN AFTER THE TAKING OF THE SECOND OBJECTIVE during the 22-hour Battle Warfare Exercise recently held by the Canadians as an Invasion preliminary in the Southern Area of England

THE SECOND-IN-COMMAND. Air Chief-Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder, who was formerly Air Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, but who is now General Eisenhower's Invasion deputy. This picture was taken at his desk in his trailer-caravan H.Q. in North Africa

GENERAL EISENHOWER ASSUMES COMMAND IN BRITAIN of the Allied Expeditionary Force destined for the Invasion. This picture was taken at his Headquarters shortly after his arrival in this country from North Africa

The object is to familiarise each section of men with their Allies' equipment, words of command, and mentality. Nor is this confined to infantry units. It goes right through both Armies, and will be invaluable when, for example, American stores are passing through a British-held beach, or *vice versa*. A Tommy seeing a number of unfamiliar heavy cases might easily stack them in a corner, not realising their importance. If he realised that they were spare parts for machine-guns, he would treat them with respect and shift them rapidly to the point where they were required.

There is now a complete pooling of all military intelligence, while the American Embassy and the British Foreign Office are absolutely hand-in-glove.

Apart from the purely military side of this integration between the Allies, it is pleasant to learn that tea is now being served in the U.S. Headquarters at 4.30 p.m. American Staff Officers may not admit it; the fact remains that this has come about through the peaceful penetration of British typists working for American officers. In return, the Americans are teaching our officers how to make coffee. Coco-cola has not yet caught the fancy of British troops, except when combined with Cuban rum. Where there are joint messes, the American system of eating is adopted, with more salads, and coffee at the beginning of the meal; and in several messes the American cafeteria system of helping yourself is now creeping in.

Over and above all this, the relations between the United States Army and our civilian population are improving rapidly, although no committee has yet been set up to study the tricky problems of colour, Army pay, hospitality, and so on.

Many Americans in the U.S. Army are going to English secondary schools and teaching the children American history; the scholastic courses at Oxford, Cambridge, Bristol, and Edinburgh have been in existence for over a year. Over 350 blitz orphans have been adopted by groups of American soldiers, who guarantee to educate, clothe and feed them for five years. This was started as a campaign by the American daily *Stars and Stripes*, but is being carried out in a most sincere manner.

The integration between the British and American medical services is remarkable. Once a fortnight for the last three years officers of the R.A.M.C. and the U.S. Medical Corps have been dining together. The professional fraternity between British and American troops is increasing all the time. In Lincoln's Inn there is an Allied Lawyers' Foyer arranged by the British Bar. There are the British-American Forces Dining Club which meets once a month, the Junior ditto, where nobody above the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel is allowed. The Churchill Club, founded last September, is another admirable organisation where officers of both Armies meet as fellow-members. There is also "Willow Run" or "Grand Central," as the mass officers' mess for the joint Planning Staffs is known in the West End.

The integration of signals is not as close as it might be—the Americans prefer their own automatic cipher; nor is there as much integration between the British and American Fleets as might be desired. But in every other way full advantage is being taken of the fact that, for the first time in history, the Americans are really living with us. In the last war they lived with the French, England merely being a transit camp for their Expeditionary Force. History will never provide another opportunity as admirable as this for enabling the men and women of the two countries to get together.

We do our best with the four-part programme of welcoming American troops to our ports. A British General first addresses them by loudspeaker as they arrive, then a British band plays, coffee and doughnuts are issued, and on the seats of their railway carriages each man finds a news sheet containing a message from the Prime Minister and the latest news, including baseball scores.

It is another act of friendship that British officers stationed in London are now adopting the American principle of the senior always walking nearest the kerb. Equally, British officers attached to American Headquarters are adopting the American habit of saluting even when they have not got a cap on, if they are inside the office. There is, in fact, only one habit which both the British and the Americans refuse to adopt from one another, and that is the very important one of working hours. The Americans start work at 8 a.m., lunch at noon, and quit at 6 p.m. The British begin at 9 a.m., lunch at 1 p.m., and quit at 7 p.m. or later.

In view of all this cameraderie and integration, it is the greatest pity that the Axis Press in the United States—as the Americans themselves call the Hearst-McCormick-Patterson chain of newspapers—continues to snipe and editorialise news items, causing as much friction as possible, and giving untrue pictures of British views and character. Some of the broadcasters are also mischief-makers, notably Upton Close, whose Sunday night broadcasts from Los Angeles contain the most prejudiced, tendentious, and even scandalous criticisms of America's Allies. Fortunately, the eleven-year sun-spot cycle has made it harder for the Isolationists to pick up German propaganda on the short wave, but this also affects the reception of our own North American service. It is only a pity that there are not more newspapers like the *San Francisco Chronicle*, the *Chicago Sun*, the *New York Times*, and the *Herald Tribune* in the United States.

Hollywood is almost entirely pro-Ally, even though the attitude of the inhabitants of this self-inflated fairyland towards the war is that it is being fought largely to enable the rest of the world to continue buying films from it. In Boston, of course, there is still talk about the Redcoats; and Isolationism is rampant in Long Island, Wall Street, and among the big industrialists who hate Roosevelt. The soundest element in the United States is the middle-classes, whose heart is in the war, who have a good, balanced judgment, and realise that we are really their friends. Let us hope that the real integration and rapidly flowering friendship between British and American troops in this country will overcome all prejudices when the troops go home.

THE ONE-DAY RATION PACK which the Allied troops will carry when they invade the Continent of Europe. Each soldier will carry two of these packs: though they may have different sizes, each will be so small that it can be slipped easily into an overcoat pocket. The packs are in a waterproof box: there are two oatmeal blocks, ten biscuits, one meat block, a packet of salt, eight tea-sugar-milk blocks, two slabs of chocolate-raisin, one slab of vitaminised chocolate, half an ounce of meat, two packets of chewing-gum, and four tablets of sugar

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

ON GIVING UP.—One of the favourite quotations of Bishop Gore of happy memory was this: "There is no failure except in ceasing to try." It is a heartening and noble precept, and at this distance of time I cannot say whether he coined or quoted the phrase.

I dare-say I heard him use it from pulpit or arm-chair a dozen times. I imagine that (like most precepts) it is intended to be conditioned. At its face value, it might be taken to enjoin on a man that he must never give up . . . anything. Bishop Gore certainly hastened his own death by refusing to admit the inexorable logic of the years. He went flying across India at an age when most octogenarians hug the chimney-corner; yet he was a very reasonable man and would probably have admitted precise and conditioned limits to the application of his favourite precept.

He cannot have intended it to encourage a man in continuing to practise a function for which nature had clearly unsuited him. For instance, a man keen on shooting, who, by the age of thirty, after much practice, finds himself quite unable to kill his birds cleanly (or cleanly miss) should acknowledge his failure gracefully and humanely take to golf. And a magistrate, conscious of increasing deafness, should take his name off the roster and limit his magisterial functions to business out of court. And the same principle should restrain the "come-backs" of *divas* who can no longer sing, stars who can no longer memorise their parts and test-cricketers whose eyes are failing. In short, the precept can only apply to those functions which a man honestly believes that he is fitted by nature to perform well by close application.

The trouble is that the average man who is not a mollusc is often the last person to be aware of his failing powers or innate unsuitability for a given function. His friends and family, his fellow-workers, could tell him. They know. But blunt frankness is no oiler of the wheels of family life or friendship, and the tactful hint is difficult to give in the board-room or the workshop.

I am quite sure that the magistrate who testily invites the witness to "speak up" honestly believes that the cause of the trouble is that "the rising generation seems to be taught to mumble"; time and again I have heard a sportsman of over forty, who has regularly fired 5,000 cartridges a year, complaining of his liver or the light as the pheasants stream over his head through a snow-storm of feathers. Time and again I have sat through the tragedy of stage "come-backs" conscious that only one person in the theatre was unaware of the tragedy and its cause. Who shall teach a man the conditions which govern this noble and essential precept *ad bene vivendum?*

How dangerous sometimes may prove the employment of the nursery or moral saws, how sphinx-like and double-edged and contradictory their meanings! "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." For how many years must you go on maiming birds before you attain to a moderate proficiency in painless extermination? Even if you strictly apply the maxim to serious or noble functions, the limits of its application are still obvious. The preacher or the orator who for twenty years has bored his congregation or emptied the House . . . should he try, try again for another decade?

Economic Safeguards.—Fortunately for humanity, certain inexorable laws—economic necessity—do indeed strictly condition the application of our precept as regards tasks which a man performs for monetary rewards.

These laws are known as "box-office," "circulation," "dividends," and what not, and they require that the "old stager" of the boards, the board-room or Fleet Street shall no longer "try, try again" when it is quite clear to his manager or chairman or editor that his efforts no longer benefit box-office, dividends or circulation. There is no "come-back" to the stage but the manager shares in the gamble, albeit that manager tumbles to the truth before it strikes the fallen star.

But all too many of the jobs which men and women do, and try to do, are voluntary and unpaid, and it is among this category that the art of giving up is so necessary to be learned and applied.

In these last destructive and dismal years, many of us have learned new arts and even attained perfection in them late in life. I myself yield to no man in the quite difficult art of sifting cinders. I am ready to back myself to sift cinders with utter precision and a 100 per cent. economy of fuel with any rival in Britain. On the other hand, I found my Waterloo (and wriggled out of a tiresome and even disgusting household duty) in the art of washing-up crockery. When my margin of error rose to one cup or saucer out of three, my family drove me from the scullery, and I never returned again. That happy escape, no doubt, was due less to box-office than to deliberate reasoning on my part (but perhaps not).

UNIFORM FOR AN AMBASSADOR. M. Lebedev, new Soviet Ambassador to the Czecho-Slovak Republic in London, wearing the new uniform of the Soviet Diplomatic Corps during the presentation of his credentials

Resign, Resign?—The pleasure which I have derived during forty years from the loathsome and inhumane pleasure of shooting small game has been so great, so constant and so large a proportion of the sum of life's pleasures that I dare not try to account for it. I have before now asked myself whether a civilised being could possibly derive genuine satisfaction, with no loss of face, from this practice, but I have never found an answer. I put the question aside with the reflection that the sport so-called contains much more than mere blood lust (indeed, may contain none of it), and that human nature is utterly incalculable and indefinable. I have burned innumerable thousands of cartridges at this favourite pastime, and still at sixty find I can hit and miss cleanly. I am resolved that when I begin to mangle, I shall hand my guns over to my son and take to country rambles. Yet the dreadful doubt even now obtrudes itself: Am I, alone of my fellow-sportsmen, unaware that already the signal for retreat has sounded? Aye, there's the rub. If I still believe in the efficiency of my eyes, I make no pretence about my ears.

I am definitely growing deaf. General conversation leaves me guessing, though I am still capable of fifty-fifty *tête-à-tête*. My children assure me I can still hear what and when I want to hear, and that, no doubt, has a scintilla of truth. The half-way house to deafness is a very convenient and even desirable residence—thoroughly labour-saving. Many times already on the Bench I have heard myself chiding witnesses for mumbling, and sometimes I have asked myself: "Is this British justice? Or is it indeed the fatal signal of retreat?"

I need not worry over the problem as it affects my profession. The goddess Circulation sits enthroned on the Judgment Seat. The reader will answer his subpœna and give his evidence in a clear voice . . . when the time comes.

But our precept still rules a vast number of our human occupations unconditioned by economic laws. We must go slogging on to the end of our road with many of our tasks, trying, trying again. And high among them I judge that we must set the tasks of keeping smiling, keeping faith and Faith, keeping tidy in mind and body, keeping our heads, our proportion, our courage and our charity, and perhaps, above all, a sense of humour. On the whole, I judge that I have more often disobeyed than followed the letter (or face value) of the precept.

I gave up long-jumping at twenty-one, cricket at thirty, golf at forty, lawn tennis at fifty-five; I gave up scribbling poetry at twenty-five and reading it at fifty. During the course of this war I gave up pretending that I retain any of the physical attributes of youth, such as enable one to indulge in sustained heavy work or strenuous pursuits or exercises. On the other hand, no precept has been necessary to spur me on in the occupations of writing, reading, shooting and smoking. And I still ride when occasion offers. And I am still trying, without notable success, to control a fiery temper, forget a weak digestion and counteract a natural pessimism of outlook.

I *hope* I have elucidated the meaning of that Delphic saw:

"There is no failure, except in ceasing to try."

Yet, try as I would, I think this is one of my failures.

The New London Stage Productions

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

"DON ABEL WROTE A TRAGEDY" (Arts).—The post-Christmas lull in theatrical production—a sign of prosperity, which this year has been unusually prolonged—was broken by this comedy, translated by Helen and Harley Granville-Barker from the Spanish of the Quintero Brothers. These brothers have written, I believe, over 150 plays, so should know all about how plays are written. I do not doubt the authentic procedure and atmosphere. But is this really a satisfactory business—I mean, for the ordinary playgoer who attends the theatre to be entranced or amused, as the case may be, and has no wish to see the wheels go round and be shown back-stage secrets? Don Abel is a middle-aged clerk in a Government office in Madrid. He is fed-up with his job and has ambitions as a dramatist. So he resigns, writes his tragedy, manages, somehow, to get it produced, only to find that it turns out to be a record "flop"—boos and hisses, and all that sort of thing on the first night. Since he is hard-up, with a family to feed, he has to become a clerk again. Yet he is not purged of the playwriting poison, and in the last scene of all we see him about to start on a farce. I do not think it would have been a very funny one. Nor is this play very funny; it is too long, too wordy, and too technical. There are some amusing moments, however, and in the title-role Mr. John Ruddock is excellent. So, too, are Miss Grace Lane, with her graceful Edwardian dignity, Mr. Tony Quinn, and several other members of a large cast. And, as is nearly always the case at the Arts Theatre, the production is immaculate.

Opera in the Suburbs.—Although the Orpheum Theatre is not an easily accessible spot for opera-lovers, save those who are fortunate (or unfortunate) enough to live in the neighbourhood of Golder's Green—it is a fine, large building and acoustically excellent. The Carl Rosa Opera Company, who do things on a big scale, are having a successful season there, and on both of my visits I have found huge and enthusiastic audiences. Mr. Heddle Nash, who is one of our best tenors, sang beautifully in *Faust*. I particularly enjoyed Nicolai's *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, a cheery masterpiece which this company have taken off the shelf, where it had remained far too long. Mr. Norman Allin sang—and acted, for much of Shakespeare's spoken dialogue remains—to perfection. Another outstanding performance was that of Miss Ruth Packer as Mrs. Ford. She is a brilliant singer and her sense of fun is quite irresistible. Here, should for any reason she find herself unable to carry on in opera, is a first-rate comedienne for the "straight" stage. Or for revue; for Miss Bebe Daniels has just told the world that "there is no better training for jazz than opera."

TWO WELL-KNOWN STAGE CELEBRITIES: Miss Zena Dare (on left) as the Red Queen, and Miss Roma Beaumont as Alice, in the successful production of "Alice in Wonderland," now running at the Scala Theatre

THE ENTHRONEMENT OF THE NEW ARCHBISHOP

And Other Pictures of Recent Personal Interest

THE ENTHRONEMENT OF THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER: Dr. Bernard Griffin is led to the Sanctuary by the Provost, the Canons of Westminster and the Cathedral Chaplains: On Tuesday, January 18th, the new Archbishop of Westminster was enthroned in the Cathedral. As the clock struck eleven, the Archbishop was met at the Great Door by the Provost, Bishop Myers, who presented the crucifix: the procession was then led to the sanctuary, with the two personal attendants of the Archbishop walking behind the canopy—Mr. T. Bischoff and the Archbishop's brother, Dom Basil Griffin (in the plain black habit of the Benedictines). The ceremony was completed without the sacred pallium (a vestment presented by the Pope, and the traditional symbol of the Archbishop's Metropolitan jurisdiction). A second ceremony for the bestowal of this will probably take place later

THE SIXTH ARCHBISHOP, THE MOST REVEREND BERNARD GRIFFIN (formerly titular Bishop of Abya and Bishop Auxiliary to the Archbishop of Birmingham) during the Enthronement Ceremony

HOW MR. CHURCHILL SPENT CHRISTMAS DAY IN NORTH AFRICA—a picture just released for publication showing his guests at luncheon: After an informal luncheon-party on Christmas Day to celebrate his recovery from his severe attack of pneumonia, the Prime Minister was photographed with his guests, who included a number of Allied Chiefs of Staff. In the group above, the following are seen (from left to right)—Major-General J. F. F. Whiteley (Deputy Chief of Staff); Air Marshal Tedder (Deputy Supreme Commander under General Eisenhower); Admiral Sir John Cunningham (C.-in-C., Mediterranean); General Eisenhower (Supreme Allied Commander for the Invasion); General Alexander (C.-in-C. Allied Armies in Italy); Mr. Churchill; Lieut.-General Humfrey Gale (Chief Administrative Officer, A.F.H.Q.); General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson (Supreme Commander, Mediterranean Theatre); and General Bedell Smith (Chief of Staff, A.F.H.Q.)

On left—**MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL AND MAJOR JACK CHURCHILL (THE PRIME MINISTER'S BROTHER) at the marriage of Mr. Leslie Rowan and Miss Love.** Mr. Rowan is one of Mr. Churchill's private secretaries: he has taken part in many historic Conferences recently. Miss Love is a Third Officer in the Wrens, daughter of a brigadier, an ex-England hockey player, and Cambridge University hockey captain. The two met on board ship whilst *en route* to the Quebec Conference. They were married on the 19th at Brompton, and the marriage service was conducted by an uncle of the bridegroom

THE PRIME MINISTER'S SECRETARY MARRIES A WREN: Mr. T. Leslie Rowan with his bride, Miss Catherine Patricia Love, at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

FOUR NEW AND INTERESTING NOVELS

Miss Compton-Burnett's Story of Family Life; The Fenland in the Seventeenth Century; Balkan Complications; Crime in Wartime Washington

THE first villain that I remember meeting in one of Miss I. Compton-Burnett's novels appears in **ELDERS AND BETTERS** (Gollancz. 9s. 6d.). She is Anna, the elder daughter of a large family, and, in the course of one of those placid, dateless existences which this author can best create, she manages to burn a will, frighten a woman quite literally to death and marry a spineless and rather unwilling young man.

It is, of course, only the framework of life in a Compton-Burnett book which seems easy. There are servants enough, carriages enough and constant meals laid at vast tables round which sit bands of relations, governesses, tutors and intimate friends of the family. But the servants are usually seething with gossip and conjecture, and the meal-times tense with the strain of many cross-currents of feeling. As before, this story is concerned with the interdependence of two families who are related to each other and closely tied, whether by bonds of real affection or questions of self-interest. As before, too, the book is written almost entirely in the form of dialogue of such subtlety that the reader must be alert not to miss a single trick or implication. It struck me, as I read this book with the greatest enjoyment, that the reader here must play that kind of children's game in which a series of numbered dots are joined together patiently by a pencilled line until a fabulous animal is revealed.

By the same token, this author's work can scarcely be quoted, since the passages out of context lose all their quality and their great humour by that treatment. To enjoy one of these books to the full, one must read every word, and one must read with what the author would call "reasoned deliberation." The device of scamping and almost ignoring

THE MAN WHO SAYS THAT MAGNETISM IS POWER: Professor Felix Ehrenhaft, a former Vienna physicist now a refugee from the Nazis in America, claims that magnetic currents can now be used like electrical currents, and that they will provide the power-source for a new technological era. American physicists have hailed his discovery and declared that it may rank with Faraday's discovery of the principle of the dynamo over a century ago

descriptive writing is, of course, what makes her style at the same time so intricate and so rewarding.

First and last, and essential to any estimate of this novel, it must be said that it is gloriously funny, unfailingly perceptive, and that Miss Compton-Burnett remains one of the few witty writers in contemporary English letters.

If we should tend to feel complacent about the new schemes and the new successes in land reclamation in this country, there is now the salutary influence of Miss Doreen Wallace's new novel, **LAND FROM THE WATERS** (Collins. 9s. 6d.), which deals with the problems of fenland drainage in this country at the time of the Civil War. The greatest progress that we have made, apart from the obvious improvement in technical methods, is in the attitude of mind of the local people towards such a scheme. Nowadays it is in general hailed both by the farmers and the locals not so directly concerned. In the seventeenth century, when the Earl of Bedford had obtained permission from the King to drain the fens, and had for this purpose imported a band of Dutchmen, he found the most resolute opposition.

Miss Wallace writes of two old Fen-country families, the Joscelynes and the Joslins, whose tastes and habits of life were accurately reflected in the different spelling of their common name. Humphrey Joscelyne spent much of his time at the court of Charles I, whereas John Joslin was a farmer with a great feeling for his land. The two young men had, however, both been educated by the same parson, Sir Hector Tyrell, and both were in love with his niece, Bridget, who was an anomaly for her time, in that she was an educated countrywoman.

The two families lived on the high ground on the edge of the fen, above the marshes, which were wild and desolate, covered with reeds, and only traversed by bridle-paths in the summer. They were inhabited by a rough and hardly civilised people, and each man among them plied his own trade. They were fowlers, fishers, thatchers and stilt-makers. It was these men whose independence of life was threatened. Bridget and John enlisted the help of a farmer who was well known for his championship of men's liberties and who promised the fen-men legal aid. He was Oliver Cromwell.

The fen-men, however, insubordinate to the last, took the law into their own hands, and, led by John, they breached the new drain which the Dutchmen had constructed. John was caught and arrested, and Bridget, fearing that he would be hanged, followed him to gaol and married him. The Civil War alone put an end to these differences. John served under Cromwell, as was natural, and Humphrey was killed fighting for the Royalist cause. After the years of fighting Cromwell, with the country in a state of chaos, decided to put order above men's liberties; discipline was achieved through a kind of dictatorship, and it was found that the fen-men, among others, must suffer for the general good.

In **PEMBERTON** (Cresset Press. 7s. 6d.), Mr. David Footman is back in his familiar Balkans and writing of that life which he seems to know, to understand and even to like so well—the complicated world which is made up partly of the British Legation and partly of the local politicians. Politics in this part of the world have always been a great deal more than a topic of conversation. It has never taken a world war to convince these people of the vital necessity for studying international relations. They do that, with the maximum of discussion, as readily as most people take their meals.

The present novel, which stirs faint echoes of one of Maugham's long-short stories, begins in March 1941, when an English business man, the narrator, finds himself in Tsernigrad, the capital of a mythical Balkan State which he calls Vuchinia, and which has equally mythical frontiers on Yugoslavia. At this time Rumania and Bulgaria have gone over to the Axis, the Greeks are still fighting and Yugoslavia seems about to adhere to the Tripartite Pact. He is given work at the British Legation, and begins to pick up the threads of old friendships made in his youth, when he spent two years in the country. Among them is Pemberton, a middle-aged merchant and commission agent, who had settled in Vuchinia about twenty years before.

Cabaret girls, drink and a ruling passion for sociability had always made him noisily conspicuous, and now he was reduced to the role of half-drunken hanger-on, and a painful problem for the British Legation. It soon becomes apparent that the Vuchinian Government are also preparing to sign the Tripartite Pact, and a situation arises which is not dissimilar from that in Yugoslavia. The Government is overthrown, civil war breaks out, there are demonstrations against the Axis, German bombers come over, and all is horror and pandemonium.

Pemberton, who has been working with the underground movement, is fired by their passionate spirit; he refuses to leave with the Legation people and decides to join the guerillas. "We are going to win," says the narrator to him, "because a middle-aged drunkard like yourself, who 's spent the last twenty years sitting in bars and telling dirty stories—most of them damned poor stories—gets a hunch and goes off to fight in the hills, and takes another middle-aged drunkard with him. We won't make any difference. These few boxes of ammunition won't make any difference. This little stunt of ours is just damned foolishness. But there are millions of other Englishmen just as browned off as we are. They'll get hunches, too. And that will make a difference."

On his way to the hills, taking some of those stores and ammunition which wouldn't make any difference, a German aeroplane machine-guns the car and Pemberton is killed. The reader's comment will depend on his own convictions, but there can be no doubt of the quality of Mr. Footman's writing.

Wartime Washington is an international city, or more nearly so than it has ever been in its history. Mystery fans, therefore, who are reputed to have simple tastes if definite ones, will not find themselves

PORTRAIT OF A MINISTER-TO-BE? A recent study of Mr. Emanuel Shinwell, M.P., whose name has been mentioned in connection with Sir Arthur Salter's vacated shipping post at the Ministry of War Transport. Mr. Shinwell sits for the Seaham Division of Durham: he held office in 1929-30 as Financial Secretary to the War Office, and in 1924, and again in 1930-31, as Parliamentary Secretary to the Department of Mines. He is a keen and vigilant critic of the Government, and his questions to Ministers are of a profound and searching character

in too foreign a territory when they read **THE MAN NEXT DOOR** (Crime Club. 8s. 6d.), known in those critical circles as "the new M. G. Eberhart." Moving with, and a little ahead of, the times, Miss Eberhart has made her book almost excessively topical. Corpse No. 1 is, of course, an Axis agent. The hero is one of those key men in a new Government department connected with the aircraft industry.

Maida Lovell is the new kind of heroine, too; a confidential secretary with a high shorthand speed and a predeliction for overtime. What is not so new about her is that she is in love with her boss and, when she discovers a plot to implicate him in a murder, she risks her life, her reputation and a long term in prison in order to help him. Maida, in fact, tries to double-cross the Axis espionage system, and very nearly gets eliminated in the process. She is asked to obtain and to pass on information about vital aircraft statistics, the blackmailing gambit used being the "framing" of her young man.

Miss Eberhart, as we all know—and I am speaking now for the goodly company of thriller fans—does this kind of thing remarkably well, and I do not propose to reveal any further moves in her extremely ingenious plot. Enough to know that the new Eberhart is a good one.

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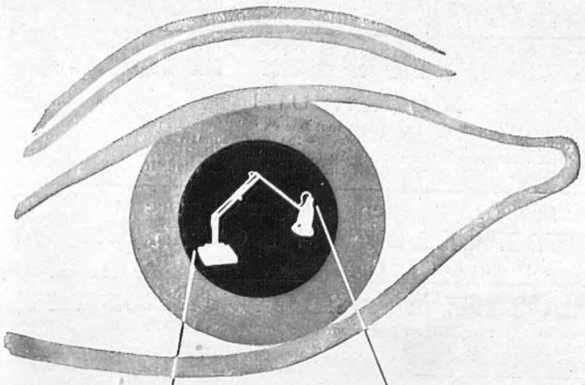

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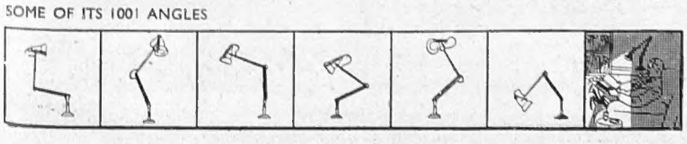

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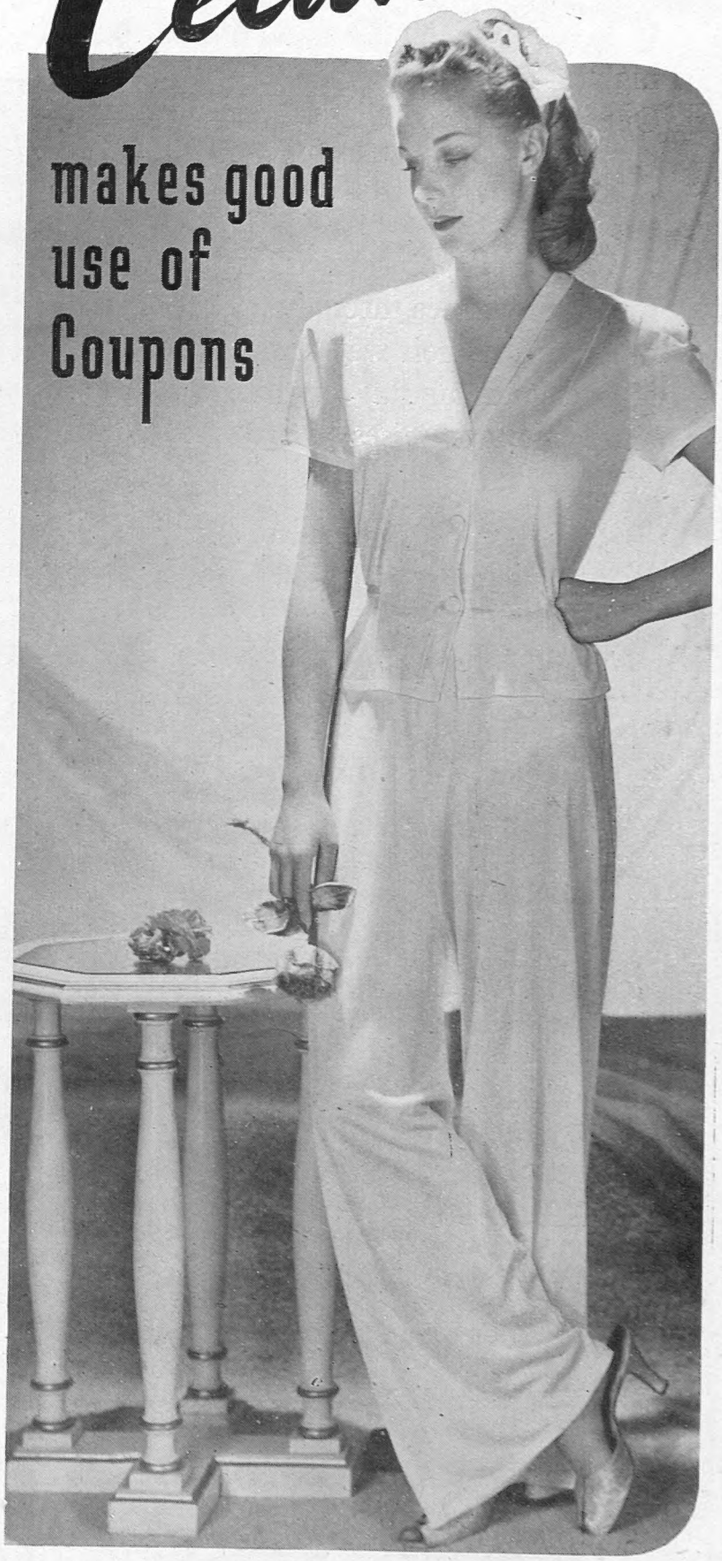

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¶ While some of the staff on duty there fought the flames throughout that night, others made their way across a London ablaze and under bombardment to emergency premises made ready for such a contingency, so that the service of vital overseas telegraph communication, linking London with the battle-fronts, might not be interrupted.

¶ *There was no interruption.*

¶ Only the few knew of this. It is an illustration of the unresting continuity of a British Service whose traffic outward from London is *five times* what it was in 1938.

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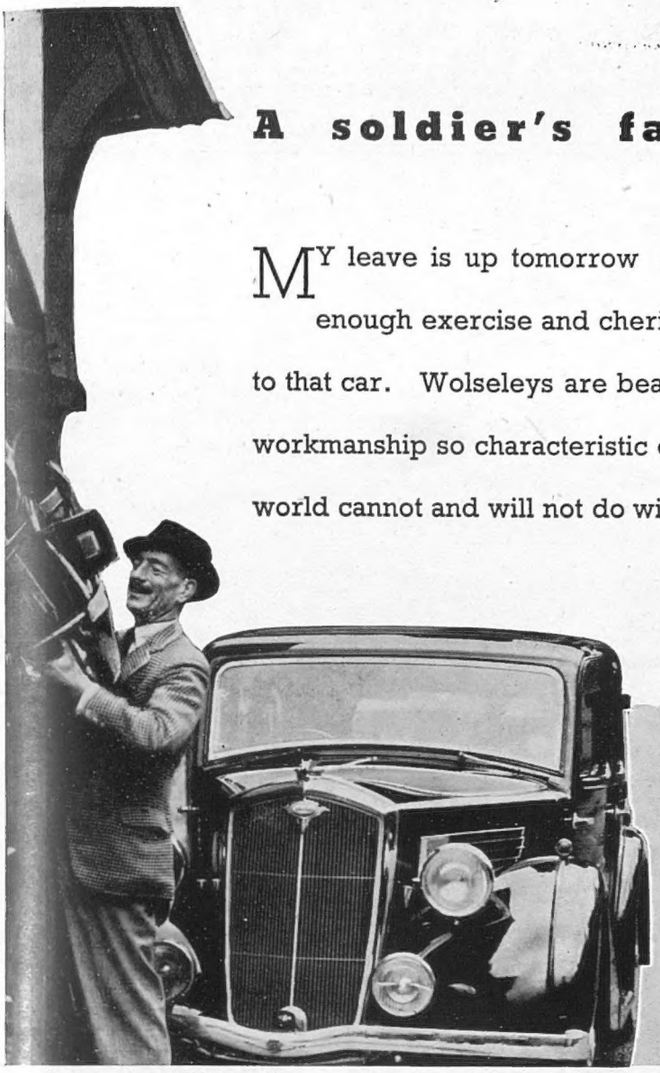

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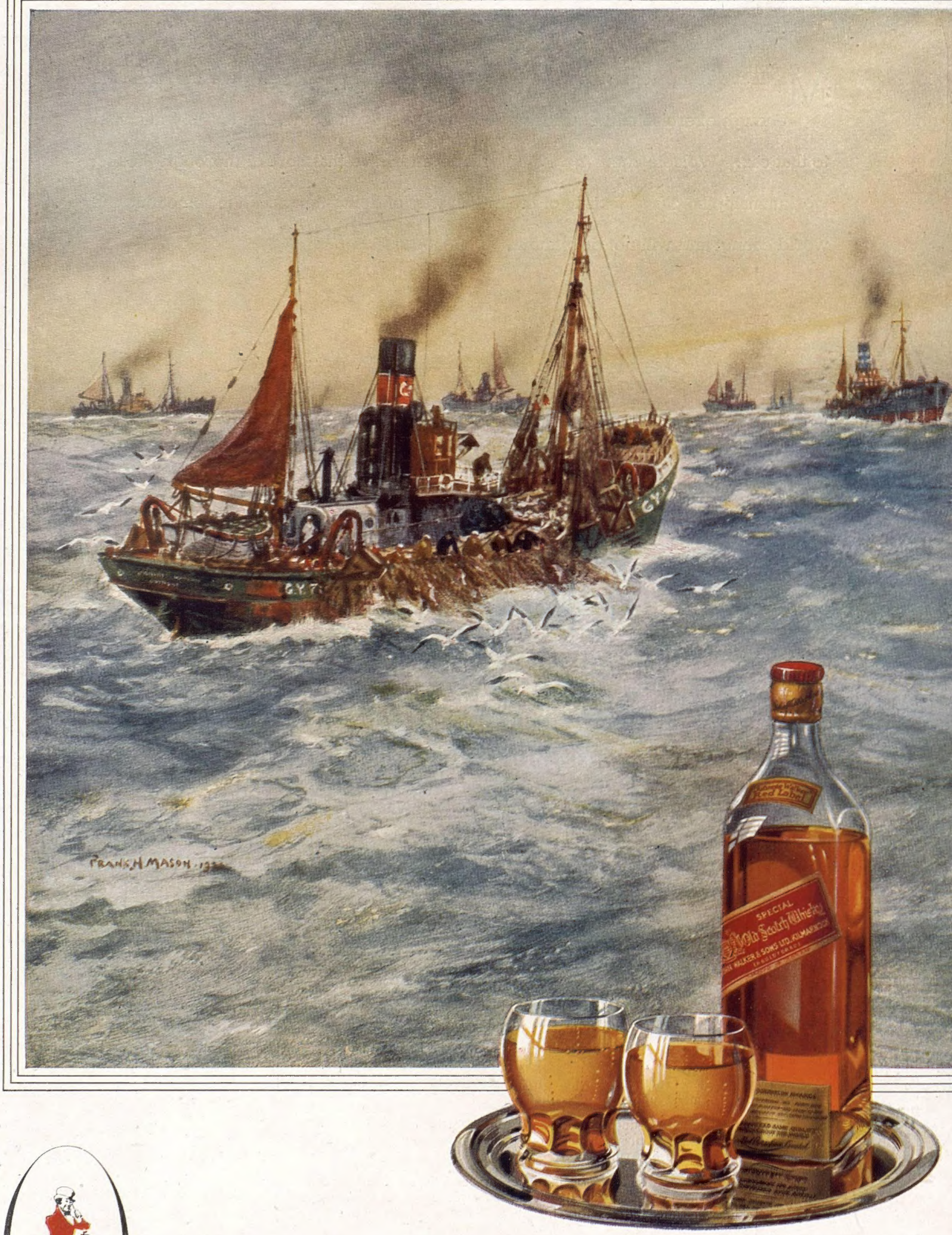

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